

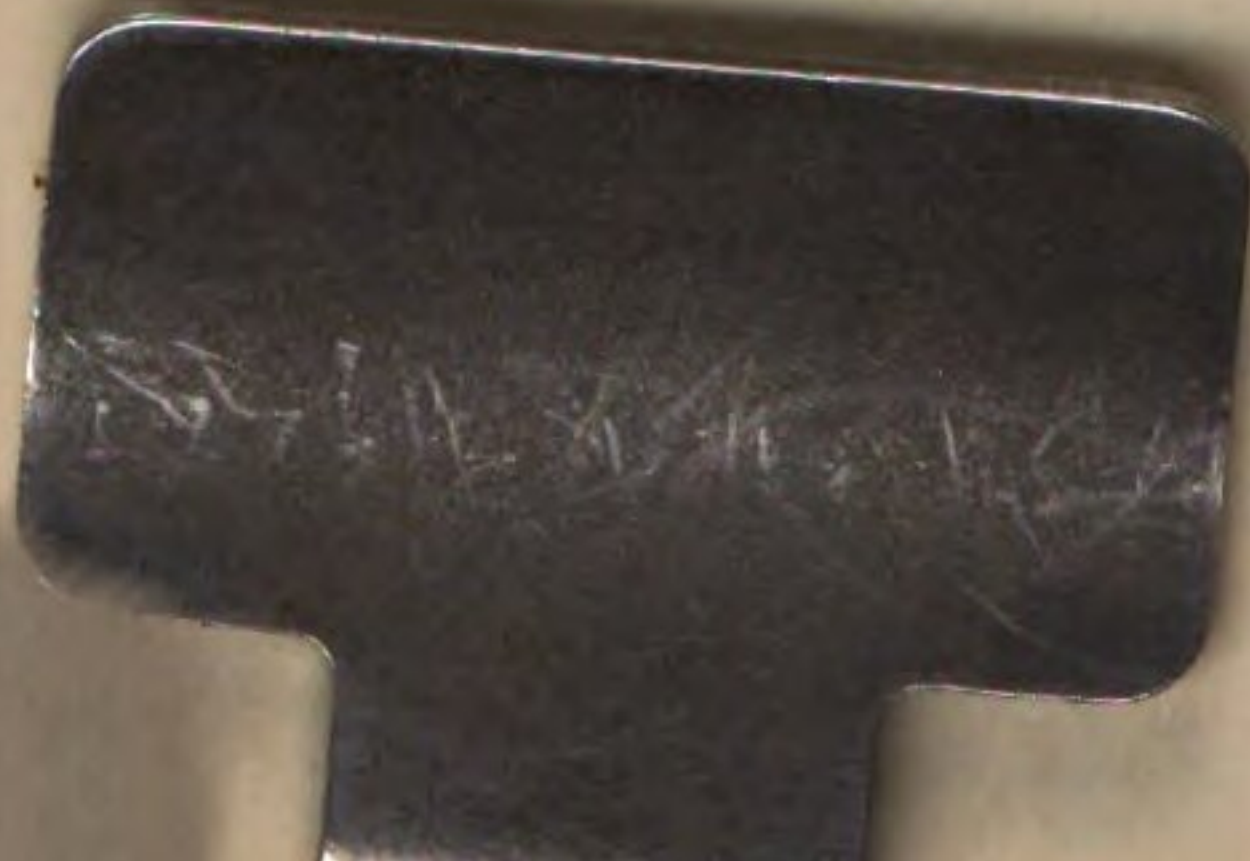
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The ancient manuscript
other folios.

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THE
ANCIENT MARINER
AND
OTHER POEMS

BY
SAM. TAYL. COLERIDGE.



CAMPE'S

POCKET EDITIONS

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BY
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

CAMPE'S EDITION.

NURNBERG AND NEW-YORK
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
FREDERICK CAMPE AND CO.

ANGELI MARINI



SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

CHAPMAN'S EDITION

NEW YORK AND NEW YORK

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THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

It is an ancient Mariner ¹⁾,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye ²⁾ —
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone:
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

The sun came up upon the left ³),
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon —
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the ha' ⁴),
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads, before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-blast came, and he ⁵)
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts, and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold:
And ice, mast high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

And through the drifts, the snowy clifts ⁶)
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound.

At length did cross an albatross?),
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew,
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south-wind sprung up behind 8);
The albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, thro' fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner! 9)
From the fiends, that plague thee thus. —
Why look'st thou so?" — With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.

PART II.

THE sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

And the good south-wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And I had done a hellish thing ¹⁾,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow;
Ah, wretch! said they, the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head ²⁾,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew ³⁾,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down ⁴⁾
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where ⁵⁾,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be;
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout,
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

And some in dreams assured were ⁶⁾
Of the spirit that plagued so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks ⁷⁾
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

THERE past a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye,
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld ¹⁾
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved, and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked ²⁾,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call;
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin ³⁾,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried), she tacks no more! ⁴⁾
 Hither, to work us weal,
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
 The day was well nigh done!
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright sun;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly ⁵⁾
 Betwixt us and the sun.

And straight the sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
 With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears!
 Are those her sails that glance in the sun,
 Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the sun ⁶⁾
 Did peer, as through a grate?
 And is that Woman all her crew?
 Is that a Death? and are there two?
 Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free ⁷⁾,
 Her locks were yellow as gold;
 Her skin was as white as leprosy,
 The Night-Mare Life-in-Death was she,
 Who thicks men's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came ⁸),
 And the twain were casting dice;
 "The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
 Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The sun's rim dips; the stars rush out: ⁹)
 At one stride comes the dark;
 With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
 Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up! ¹⁰)
 Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
 My life blood seemed to sip!
 The stars were dim, and thick the night ¹⁰),
 The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white,
 From the sails the dew did drip—
 Till clomb above the eastern bar
 The horned moon, with one bright star
 Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged moon ¹¹),
 Too quick for groan or sigh,
 Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
 And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men ¹²),
 (And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
 With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
 They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly ¹³), —
 They fled to bliss or woe!
 And every soul, it passed me by,
 Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

PART IV.

"I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner! ¹⁾
 I fear thy skinny hand!
 And thou art long, and lank, and brown *),
 As is the ribbed sea-sand!

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
 And thy skinny hand, so brown." —
 Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest! ²⁾
 This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all, alone,
 Alone on a wide wide sea!
 And never a saint took pity on
 My soul in agony.

The merry men, so beautiful! ³⁾
 And they all dead did lie;
 And a thousand thousand slimy things
 Lived oh: and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,
 And drew my eyes away:
 I looked upon the rotting deck,
 And there the dead men lay ⁴⁾.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
 But or ever a prayer had gush't,
 A wicked whisper came, and made
 My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,
 And the balls like pulses beat,
 For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky

*) For the last two lines of this stanza, I am indebted to Mr. Wordsworth. It was on a delightful walk from Nether Stowey to Dulverton, with him and his sister, in the autumn of 1797, that this poem was planned, and in part composed.

Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me ⁵⁾
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving moon went up the sky ⁶⁾,
And no where did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship ⁷⁾,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire;
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam: and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue ⁸⁾
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware ⁹⁾:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me
And I blessed them unaware.

The self-same moment I could pray:
 And from my neck so free
 The albatross fell off, and sunk ¹⁰⁾
 Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole!
 To Mary Queen the praise be given
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
 That slid into my soul.

The silly buckets on the deck ¹⁾,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew,
 And when I awoke it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs.
 I was so light — almost
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind ²⁾;
 It did not come a-near;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life,
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
 To and fro they were hurried about,
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud,
 The moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
 The moon was at its side;
 Like waters shot from some high crag,
 The lightning fell with never a jag,
 A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,
 Yet now the ship moved on!
 Beneath the lightning and the moon ³⁾
 The dead men gave a groan.

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
 It had been strange, even in a dream,
 To have seen these dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
 Yet never a breeze upblew;
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
 Where they were wont to do;
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son
 Stood by me knee to knee:
 The body and I pulled at one rope,
 But he said nought to me.

I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
 Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain ⁴⁾,
 Which to their corse came again,
 But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned — they dropped their arms,
 And clustered round the mast;
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed; now one by one.

And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute,
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

Under the keel nine fathom deep⁵⁾,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion —
Backwards and forwards half her length,
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound;
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

How long in that same fit I lay⁶⁾,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,

I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless albatross.

“The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man,
Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.”

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

BUT tell me, tell me! speak again, woe And
Thy soft response renewing —
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the Ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord,
The Ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast.

If he may know which way to go,
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast ¹⁾,
Without or wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated!
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on ²⁾,
As in a gentle weather;
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter;
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt; once more ³⁾
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea
In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly, flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly, blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this, indeed⁴⁾,
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn;
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness,
The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light⁵⁾,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow⁶⁾
Those crimson shadows were;
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood,
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sunk
Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast;
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third — I heard his voice,
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood,
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The albatross's blood.

PART VII.

THIS Hermit good lives in that wood¹⁾
Which slopes down to the sea,
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, at eve —
He hath a cushion plump,
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk
 Why, this is strange, I trow
 Where are those lights so many and fair,
 That signal made but now?"

"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said²⁾—
 "And they answered not our cheer!
 The planks look warped! and see these sails,
 How thin they are and sere!
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest-brook along;
 When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
 That eats the she-wolf's young."

"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look —
 (The Pilot made reply)
 I am a-feared" — "Push on, push on!"³⁾
 Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship
 But I nor spake nor stirred;
 The boat came close beneath the ship,
 And straight a sound was heard.

Under the water it rumbled on;
 Still louder and more dread:
 It reached the ship, it split the bay;
 The ship went down like lead.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound⁴⁾,
 Which sky and ocean smote,
 Like one that hath been seven days drowned
 My body lay afloat;
 But swift as dreams myself I found
 Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sunk the ship,
 The boat spun round and round;
 And all was still, save that the hill
 Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked,
And fell down in a fit;
The Holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

— I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while,
His eyes went to and fro,
“Ha! ha!” quoth he, “full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.”

And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat;
And scarcely he could stand.

“O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!”⁵⁾
The Hermit crossed his brow,
“Say quick,” quoth he, “I bid thee say
What manner of man art thou?”

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

Since then at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

I pass like night from land to land⁶⁾:
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

Oh Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide wide sea;
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!

To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell?
To thee, thou Wedding guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding Guest
Turns from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

NOTES TO PART I.

1) An ancient mariner meeteth three gallants bidden to a wedding-feast, and detaineth one.

2) The wedding-guest is spell-bound by the eye of the old seafaring man, and constrained to hear his tale.

3) The mariner tells how the ship sailed southward with a good wind and fair weather, till it reached the line.

4) The wedding-guest heareth the bridal music; but the mariner continueth his tale.

5) The ship drawn by a storm toward the south pole.

6) The land of ice and of fearful sounds, where no living thing was to be seen.

7) Till a great sea-bird, called the albatross, came through the snow-fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

8) And lo! the albatross proveth a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

9) The ancient mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

NOTES TO PART II.

1) His shipmates cry out against the ancient mariner for killing the bird of good luck.

2) But when the fog cleared off, they justify the same, and thus make themselves accomplices in the crime.

3) The fair breeze continues; the ship enters the Pacific Ocean, and sails northward even till it reaches the line.

4) The ship hath been suddenly becalmed.

5) And the albatross begins to be avenged.

6) A spirit had followed them, one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels: concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopoli-

tan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

7) The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the Ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird around his neck.

NOTES TO PART III.

1) The Ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

2) At the nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship, and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

3) A flash of joy.

4) And horror follows; for can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

5) It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

6) And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting sun. The spectre woman and her death-mate, and no other, on board the skeleton ship.

7) Like vessel, like crew.

8) Death, and Life-in-Death, have dived for the ship's crew: she (the latter) winneth the Ancient Mariner.

9) No twilight within the courts of the sun.

10) At the rising of the moon,

11) One after another,

12) His ship-mates drop down dead.

13) But Life-in-Death begins her work on the Ancient Mariner.

NOTES TO PART IV.

1) The wedding-guest feareth that a spirit is talking to him;

2) But the Ancient Mariner assureth him of his bodily life, and proceedeth to relate his horrible penance.

3) He despiseth the creatures of the calm;

4) And envieth that they should live, and so many lie dead.

5) But the curse liveth for him in the eye of the dead men.

6) In his loneliness and fixedness, he yearneth towards the journeying moon, and the stars that still sojourn yet still move onward, and every where the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country, and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected, and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

7) By the light of the moon he beholdeth God's creatures of the great calm;

8) Their beauty and their happiness.

9) He blesseth them in his heart.

10) The spell begins to break.

NOTES TO PART V.

1) By grace of the Holy Mother the Ancient Mariner is refreshed with rain.

2) He heareth sounds and seeth strange sights and commotions in the sky and the elements.

3) The bodies of the ship's crew are inspired, and the ship moves on.

4) But not by the souls of the men, nor by demons of earth or middle air, but by a blessed troop of angelic spirits sent down by the invocation of the guardian saint.

5) The lonesome spirit from the South Pole carries on the ship as far as the line, in obedience to the angelic troop, but still requireth vengeance.

6) The Polar Spirit's fellow demons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong, and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the Ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

NOTES TO PART VI.

1) The Mariner hath been cast into a trance; for the angelic power causeth the vessel to drive northward faster than human life can endure.

2) The supernatural motion is retarded; the Mariner awakes, and his penance begins anew.

3) The curse is finally expiated;

4) And the Ancient Mariner beholdeth his native country.

5) The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies,

6) And appear in their own forms of light.

NOTES TO PART VII.

1) The Hermit of the Wood,

2) Approacheth the ship with wonder.

3) The ship suddenly sinketh.

4) The Ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot's boat.

5) The Ancient Mariner earnestly entreateth the Hermit to shrieve him, and the penance of life falls on him:

6) And ever and anon throughout his future life and agony constraineth him to travel from land to land,

7) And to teach, by his own example, love and reverence to all things that God made and loveth.

~~~~~



IN THAT OF ETON

**ABSENCE,****A FAREWELL ODE.**

**W**HERE graced with many a classic spoil  
Cam rolls his reverend stream along,  
I haste to urge the learned toil  
That sternly chides my love-lorn song:  
Ah me! too mindful of the days  
Illum'd by Passion's orient rays,  
When Peace, and Cheerfulness, and Health  
Enrich'd me with the best of wealth.

Ah fair Delights! that o'er my soul  
On Mem'ry's wing, like shadows, fly!  
Ah Flowers! which Joy from Eden stole  
While Innocence stood smiling by! —  
But cease, fond heart! this bootless moan.  
Those hours on rapid pinions flown  
Shall yet return, by Absence crown'd,  
And scatter livelier roses round.

The Sun, who ne'er remits his fires  
On heedless eyes may pour the day:  
The Moon, that oft from Heav'n retires,  
Endears her renovated ray.  
What tho' she leave the sky unblest  
To mourn awhile in murky vest?  
When she relumes her lovely Light,  
We bless the Wanderer of the Night.

---



## SONNET.

As when far off the warbled strains are heard  
 That soar on morning's wing the vales among,  
 Within his cage th' imprison'd matin bird  
 Swells the full chorus with a generous song:  
 He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,  
 No father's joy, no lover's bliss he shares,  
 Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight —  
 His fellows' freedom soothes the captive's cares  
 Thou, Fayette! who didst wake with startling voice  
 Life's better sun from that long wintry night,  
 Thus in thy country's triumphs shalt rejoice,  
 And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might:  
 For lo! the morning struggles into day,  
 And slavery's spectres shriek, and vanish from  
 the ray.

## SONGS OF THE PIXIES.

THE Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of beings invisibly small, and harmless or friendly to man. At a small distance from a village in that county, half-way up a wood-cover'd hill, is an excavation, called the Pixies' Parlour. The roots of old trees form its ceiling; and on its sides are innumerable cyphers, among which the Author discovered his own cypher and those of his brothers, cut by the hand of their childhood. At the foot of the hill flows the river Otter.

To this place the Author conducted a party of young Ladies, during the summer months of the year 1793; one of whom, of stature elegantly small, and of complexion colourless yet clear, was proclaimed the Fairy Queen: on which occasion, and at which time, the following irregular Ode was written.



**W**hom the untaught Shepherds call  
 Pixies in their madrigal,  
 Fancy's children, here we dwell:  
 Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.  
 Here the wren of softest note  
 Builds its nest and warbles well;  
 Here the blackbird strains his throat:  
 Welcome, Ladies! to our cell.

When fades the moon all shadowy pale  
 And scuds the cloud before the gale,  
 Ere Morn with living gems bedight  
 Streaks the east with purple light,  
 We sip the furze-flow'rs' fragrant dew  
 Clad in robes of rainbow hues  
 Richer than the deepen'd bloom  
 That glows on Summer's scented plume  
 Or sport amid the rosy gleam  
 Sooth'd by the distant-tinkling team,  
 While lusty Labour scouting sorrow  
 Bids the Dame a glad good-morrow,  
 Who jogs th' accustom'd road along,  
 And paces cheery to her cheering song.

But not our filmy pinion  
 We scorch amid the blaze of day,  
 When Noontide's fiery-tressed minion  
 Flashes the fervid ray.  
 Aye from the sultry heat  
 We to the cave retreat  
 O'ercanopied by huge roots intertwin'd  
 With wildest texture, blacken'd o'er with age;  
 Round them their mantle green the ivies bind,  
 Beneath whose foliage pale  
 Fann'd by the unfrequent gale  
 We shield us from the Tyrant's mid-day rage.

Thither while the murm'ring throng,  
 Of wild bees hum their drowsy song,  
 By Indolence and Fancy brought,  
 A youthful Bard, "unknown to Fame,"  
 Wooes the Queen of Solemn Thought,



And heaves the gentle mis'ry of a sigh  
 Gazing with tearful eye,  
 As round our sandy grot appear  
 Many a rudely sculptur'd name  
 To pensive Mem'ry dear!  
 Weaving gay dreams of sunny-tinctur'd hue  
 We glance before his view:  
 O'er his hush'd soul our soothing witch'ries shed,  
 And twine our faery garlands round his head.

When Evening's dusky car  
 Crown'd with her dewy star  
 Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight  
 On leaves of aspen trees  
 We tremble to the breeze,  
 Veil'd from the grosser ken of mortal sight.  
 Or, haply at the visionary hour,  
 Along our wild sequester'd walk,  
 We listen to th' enamour'd rustic's talk;  
 Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,  
 Where young-eyed Loves have built their turtle  
 nest;

Or guide of soul-subduing power  
 Th' electric flash, that from the melting eye  
 Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

Or through the mystic ringlets of the vale  
 We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank  
 Or, silent-sandall'd, pay our defter court  
 Circling the spirit of the western gale,  
 Where, wearied with the flower-caressing-sport,  
 Supine he slumbers on a violet bank;  
 Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam,  
 By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream;  
 Or where his wave with loud unquiet song  
 Dash'd o'er the rocky channel froths along;  
 Or where, his silver waters smooth'd to rest,  
 The tall tree's shadow sleeps upon his breast.

Hence! thou lingering Light!  
 Eve saddens into night.  
 Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view  
 The sombre Hours, that round thee stand  
 With down-cast eyes (a duteous band!)



Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.  
Sorceress of the ebon throne!  
Thy power the Pixies own,  
When round thy raven brow  
Heaven's lucent roses glow,  
And clouds, in watry colours drest,  
Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest  
What time the pale moon sheds a softer day,  
Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:  
For mid the quiv'ring light 'tis ours to play,  
Aye dancing to the cadence of the stream.

Welcome, Ladies! to the cell,  
Where the blameless Pixies dwell.  
But thou, sweet Nymph! proclaim'd our Faery  
Queen,  
With what obeisance meet  
Thy presence shall we greet?  
For lo! attendant on thy steps are seen  
Graceful Ease in artless stole,  
And white-rob'd Purity of soul,  
With Honour's softer mien;  
Mirth of the loosely-flowing hair,  
And meek-ey'd Pity eloquently fair,  
Whose tearful cheeks are lovely to the view  
As snow-drop wet with dew.

Unboastful Maid! tho' now the lily pale  
Transparent grace thy beauties meek;  
Yet ere again along th' impurpling vale,  
The purpling vale and elfin-haunted grove,  
Young Zephyr his fresh flowers profusely throws,  
We'll tinge with livelier hues thy cheek!  
And haply from the nectar-breathing rose  
Extract a blush for Love!



**GENEVIEVE.**

---

**M**AID of my love! sweet Genevieve \*);  
In beauty's light you glide along:  
Your eye is like the star of eve,  
And sweet your voice, as Seraph's song.  
Yet not your heavenly beauty gives  
This heart with passion soft to glow:  
Within your soul a voice there lives!  
It bids you hear the tale of woe.  
When sinking low the Suf'rer wan  
Beholds no hand outstrecht to save,  
Fair, as the bosom of the Swan  
That rises graceful o'er the wave,  
I've seen your breast with pity heave,  
And *therefore* love I you, sweet Genevieve!

---

**TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN**

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DAYS  
OF HER INNOCENCE.

---

**M**YRTLE leaf, that ill besped  
Pinest in the gladsome ray,  
Soil'd beneath the common tread  
Far from thy protecting spray

When the partridge o'er the sheaf  
Whirr'd along the yellow vale,  
Sad, I saw thee, heedless leaf!  
Love the dalliance of the gale.

---

\*) This little poem was written when the author was a boy.



Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!  
 Heave and flutter to his sighs,  
 While the Flatt'rer on his wing  
 Woo'd and whisper'd thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother stalk  
 Wert thou danc'd and wafted high;  
 Soon on this unshelter'd walk  
 Flung to fade, to rot and die!

## THE ROSE.

As late each flower that sweetest blows  
 I pluck'd, the garden's pride!  
 Within the petals of a Rose  
 A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath  
 Of many a lucent hue;  
 All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,  
 Inebriate with dew.

I softly seiz'd th' unguarded Power,  
 Nor scar'd his balmy rest;  
 And plac'd him, cag'd within the flower,  
 On spotless Sara's breast.

But when unweeting of the guile  
 Awoke the pris'ner sweet,  
 He struggled to escape awhile  
 And stamp'd his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight  
 Subdued th' impatient boy!  
 He gaz'd! he thrill'd with deep delight!  
 Then clapp'd his wings for joy.



"And O!," he cried — "of magic kind  
 What charms this Throne endear!  
 Some other Love let Venus find —  
 I'll fix *my* empire here.

## SONNET.

**S**WEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled  
 To see thee, poor old man! and thy grey hairs  
 Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one cares  
 To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied head.  
 My father! throw away this tatter'd vest  
 That mocks thy shiv'ring! Take my garment —  
use

A young man's arm. I'll melt these frozen dew  
 That hang from thy white beard and numb thy  
breast.

My Sara too shall tend thee, like a child:  
 And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,  
 Of purple pride, that scowls on wretchedness. —  
 He did not scowl, the Galilaean mild,  
 Who met the lazar turn'd from rich man's doors,  
 And call'd him friend, and wept upon his sores!

## KISSES.

**C**UPID, if storying legends tell aright,  
 Once fram'd a rich Elixir of Delight.  
 A Chalice o'er love-kindled flames he fix'd,  
 And in it nectar and ambrosia mix'd:  
 With these the magic dew which Evening brings,  
 Brush'd from the Idalian star by faery wings:







O fair! O graceful! bid them prove  
As passive to the breath of Love.  
In tender accents, faint and low,  
Well-pleas'd I hear the whisper'd "No!,"  
The whisper'd "No," — how little meant!  
Sweet falsehood, that endears consent!  
For on those lovely lips the while  
Dawns the soft relenting smile,  
And tempts with feign'd dissuasion coy  
The gentle violence of joy.

## SONNET.

WHEN British freedom for an happier land  
Spread her broad wings, that flutter'd with affright,  
ERSKINE! thy voice she heard, and paus'd her  
flight,  
Sublime of hope! For dreadless thou didst stand,  
(Thy censer glowing with the hallow'd flame)  
An hireless priest before th' insulted shrine,  
And at her altar pour'dst the stream divine  
Of unmatch'd eloquence. Therefore thy name  
Her sons shall venerate, and cheer thy breast  
With blessings heaven-ward breath'd. And when  
the doom  
Of nature bids thee rise beyond the tomb,  
Thy light shall shine: as, sunk beneath the west,  
Though the great summer sun eludes our gaze,  
Still burns wide heaven with his distended blaze.



## THE SIGH.

**W**HEN Youth his faery reign began,  
Ere Sorrow had proclaim'd me man;  
While Peace the present hour beguil'd,  
And all the lovely prospect smil'd;  
Then, Mary! 'mid my lightsome glee  
I heav'd the painless sigh for thee.

And when, as toss'd on waves of woe,  
My harass'd heart was doom'd to know  
The frantic burst, the outrage keen,  
And the slow pang that gnaws unseen;  
Then shipwreck'd on Life's stormy sea,  
I heav'd an anguish'd sigh for thee.

But soon Reflection's power imprest  
A stiller sadness on my breast;  
And sickly Hope, with waning eye,  
Was well content to droop and die:  
I yielded to the stern decree,  
Yet heav'd a languid sigh for thee!

And though in distant climes to roam,  
A wanderer from my native home,  
I fain would soothe the sense of Care,  
And lull to sleep the Joys, that were!  
Thy image may not banish'd be —  
Still, Mary! still I sigh for thee.





## SONNET.

Not always should the tear's ambrosial dew  
Roll its soft anguish down thy furrow'd cheek.  
Not always heaven-breath'd tones of suppliance  
                                meek

Beseem thee, Mercy! You dark scowler view,  
Who with proud words of dear-lov'd freedom  
came —

More blasting than the mildew from the south!  
And kiss'd his country with Iscariot mouth,  
(Ah! foul apostate from his father's fame!)  
Then fix'd her on the cross of deep distress,  
And at safe distance marks the thirsty lance  
Pierce her big side! But O! if some strange trance  
The eye-lids of thy stern-brow'd sister press,  
Seize, Mercy! thou more terrible the brand,  
And hurl her thunderbolts with fiercer hand!

**TO THE NIGHTINGALE.**

SISTER of love-lorn Poets, Philomel!  
How many bards in city garret pent,  
While at their window they with downward eye  
Mark the faint lamp beam on the kennell'd mud,  
And listen to the drowsy cry of watchmen,  
(Those hoarse unfeather'd nightingales of time!)  
How many wretched bards address *thy* name,  
And her's, the full-orb'd queen that shines above.  
But I *do* hear thee, and the high bough mark,  
Within whose mild moon-mellow'd foliage hid  
Thou warblest sad thy pity-pleading strains.  
O! I have listen'd, till my working soul,  
Wak'd by those strains to thousand phantasies,  
Absorb'd hath ceas'd to listen! Therefore oft  
I hymn thy name: and with a proud delight



Oft will I tell thee, minstrel of the moon!  
 "Most musical, most melancholy" bird!  
 That all thy soft diversities of tone,  
 Tho' sweeter far than the delicious airs  
 That vibrate from a white-arm'd lady's harp,  
 What time the languishment of lonely love  
 Melts in her eye, and heaves her breast of snow,  
 Are not so sweet as is the voice of her,  
 My Sara — best belov'd of human kind!  
 When breathing the pure soul of tenderness  
 She thrills me with the husband's promis'd name!

---

### SONNET.

---

As late I lay in slumber's shadowy vale,  
 With wetted cheek, and in a mourner's guise,  
 I saw the sainted form of Freedom rise:  
 She spake! not sadder moans the autumnal gale.  
 "Great son of genius! sweet to me thy name,  
 Ere in an evil hour, with alter'd voice,  
 Thou bad'st oppression's hireling crew rejoice,  
 Blasting with wizard spell my laurell'd fame.  
 Yet never, Burke, thou drank'st corruption's bowl!  
 Thee stormy pity, and the cherish'd lure  
 Of pomp, and proud precipitance of soul,  
 Wilder'd with meteor fires. Ah spirit pure:  
 That error's mist had left thy purged eye:  
 So might I clasp thee with a mother's joy!"

---

### ODE TO SARA.

---

Nor travels my meand'ring eye  
 The starry wilderness on high;  
 Nor now with curious sight



I mark the glow-worm, as I pass,  
Move with "green radiance" thro' the grass,  
An emerald of light.

O ever-present to my view!  
My wafted spirit is with you,  
And soothes your boding fears;  
I see you all opprest with gloom  
Sit lonely in that cheerless room —  
Ah me! you are in tears!

Beloved Woman! did you fly  
Chill'd Friendship's dark disliking  
Or Mirth's untimely din?  
With cruel weight these trifles press  
A temper sore with tenderness,  
When aches the void within.

But why with sable wand unblest  
Should Fancy rouse within my breast  
Dim-visag'd shapes of dread?  
Untenanting its beauteous clay,  
My Sara's soul has wing'd its way,  
And hovers round my head!

I felt it prompt the tender dream,  
When slowly sunk the day's last gleam;  
You rous'd each gentler sense,  
As, sighing o'er the blossom's bloom,  
Meek Evening wakes its soft perfume  
With viewless influence.

And hark, my love! the sea-breeze moans  
Thro' yon reft house! o'er rolling stones  
With broad impetuous sweep  
The fast encroaching tides supply  
The silence of the cloudless sky  
With mimic thunders deep.

Dark-red'ning from the channel'd \*) isle  
(Where stands one solitary pile  
Unslated by the blast)

---

\*) The Holmes, in the Bristol Channel.



The watchfire, like a sullen star,  
Twinkles to many a dozing tar  
Rude-cradled on the mast.

E'en there — beneath the light-house tower —  
In the tumultuous evil hour  
Ere peace with Sara came,  
Time was, I should have thought it sweet  
To count the echoings of my feet,  
And watch the troubled flame.

And there in black soul-jaundic'd fit  
A sad gloom-pamper'd man to sit,  
And listen to the roar;  
When mountain surges bellowing deep  
With an uncouth monster leap  
Plung'd foaming on the shore.

Then by the lightning's blaze to mark  
Some toiling tempest-shatter'd bark:  
Her vain distress-guns hear:  
And when a second sheet of light  
Flash'd o'er the blackness of the night —  
To see *no* vessel there!

But Fancy now more gaily sings;  
Or if awhile she droop her wings,  
As skylarks mid the corn,  
On summer fields she grounds her breast:  
Th' oblivious poppy o'er her nest  
Nods, till returning morn.

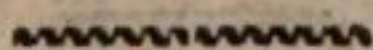
O mark those smiling tears, that swell  
The open'd rose! From heav'n they fell,  
And with the sun-beam blend;  
Blest visitations from above:  
Such are the tender woes of love,  
Fost'ring the heart they bend!

When stormy midnight howling round  
Beats on our roof with clatt'ring sound,  
To me your arms you'll stretch:  
Great God! you'll say — To us so kind,  
O shelter from this loud bleak wind  
The houseless, friendless wretch!



The tears that tremble down your cheek,  
 Shall bathe my kisses chaste and meek  
 In Pity's dew divine;  
 And from your heart the sighs that steal  
 Shall make your rising bosom feel  
 The answering swell of mine!

How oft, my love! with shapings sweet  
 I paint the moment we shall meet!  
 With eager speed I dart —  
 I seize you in the vacant air,  
 And fancy with a husband's care  
 I press you to my heart!



## TO A FRIEND,

IN ANSWER TO A MELANCHOLY LETTER \*.

Away, those cloudy looks, that lab'ring sigh,  
 The peevish offspring of a sickly hour!  
 Nor meanly thus complain of Fortune's power,  
 When the blind gamester throws a luckless die.

Yon setting sun flashes a mournful gleam  
 Behind those broken clouds, his stormy train:  
 To-morrow shall the many-colour'd main  
 In brightness roll beneath his orient beam!

Wild, as th' autumnal gust, the hand of Time  
 Flies o'er his mystic lyre! in shadowy dance  
 Th' alternate groups of Joy and Grief advance  
 Responsive to his varying strains sublime!

Bears on its wing each hour a load of fate;  
 The swain, who, lull'd by Seine's mild murmurs,  
 led  
 His weary oxen to their nightly shed,  
 To-day may rule a tempest-troubled state.



Nor shall not Fortune with a vengeful smile  
Survey the sanguinary despot's might,  
And haply hurl the pageant from his height,  
Unwept to wander in some savage isle;

There, shiv'ring sad beneath the tempest's frown,  
Round his tir'd limbs to wrap the purple vest;  
And mix'd with nails and beads, an equal jest!  
Barter for food the jewels of his crown.

~~~~~  
S O N N E T.
~~~~~

**P**ALE roamer through the night! thou poor forlorn!  
Remorse that man on his death-bed possess,  
Who in the credulous hour of tenderness  
Betray'd, then cast thee forth to want and scorn!  
The world is pitiless; the chaste one's pride,  
Mimic of virtue, scowls on thy distress;  
Thy kindred, when they see thee, turn aside,  
And vice alone will shelter wretchedness!  
O! I am sad to think, that there should be  
Men, born of woman, who endure to place  
Foul offerings on the shrine of misery,  
And force from famine the caress of love!  
Man has no feeling for thy sore disgrace:  
Keen blows the blast upon the moulting dove.

~~~~~  
COMPOSED AT CLEVEDON,

SOMERSETSHIRE.
~~~~~

**M**y pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclin'd  
Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is  
To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown  
With white-flower'd jasmin, and the broad leav'd  
myrtle,



And watch the clouds, that late were rich with  
light,  
Slow-sadd'ning round, and mark the star of eve  
Shine opposite! How exquisite the scents  
Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world so  
hush'd!  
Hark! the still murmur of the distant sea  
Tells us of silence! And th' Eolian lute,  
How by the desultory breeze caress'd,  
Like some coy maid half-yielding to her lover,  
It pours such sweet upbraidings, as must needs  
Tempt to repeat the wrong! and now its strings  
Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes  
Over delicious surges sink and rise,  
Such a soft floating witchery of sound —  
Methinks, it should have been impossible  
Not to love all things in a world like this,  
Where e'en the breezes of the simple air  
Possess the power and spirit of melody!  
And thus, my love! as on the midway slope  
Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon,  
Whilst thro' my half-clos'd eyelids I behold  
The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main,  
And tranquil muse upon tranquillity;  
Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd,  
And many idle flitting phantasies,  
'Traverse my indolent and passive brain,  
As wild and various as the random gales  
That swell or flutter on this subject lute!  
And what if all of animated nature  
Be but organic harps diversely fram'd,  
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
At once the soul of each, and God of all?  
But thy more serious eye a mild reproof  
Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts  
Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject,  
And biddest me walk humbly with my God.  
Meek daughter in the family of Christ,  
Well hast thou said and holily disprais'd  
These shapings of the unregenerate mind,  
Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break  
On vain philosophy's aye-babbling spring.  
For never guiltless may I speak of Him,



Th' Incomprehensible! save when with awe  
 I praise him, and with faith that inly *feels*;  
 Who with his saving mercies healed me,  
 A sinful and most miserable man,  
 Wilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess  
 Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honour'd  
 maid!

---

## SONNET.

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As when a child, on some long winter's night,  
 Affrighted, clinging to its grandam's knees,  
 With eager wond'ring, and perturb'd delight,  
 Listens strange tales of fearful dark decrees,  
 Mutter'd to wretch by necromantic spell;  
 Or of those hags, who at the witching time  
 Of murky midnight, ride the air sublime,  
 And mingle foul embrace with fiends of hell:  
 Cold horror drinks its blood! Anon the tear  
 More gentle starts, to hear the beldame tell  
 Of pretty babes, that lov'd each other dear,  
 Murder'd by cruel uncle's mandate fell:  
 Ev'n such the shiv'ring joys thy tones impart,  
 Ev'n so thou, Siddons, meltest my sad heart.

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## REFLECTIONS

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ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

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Sermoni propria. — HOR.

Low was our pretty cot! our tallest rose  
 Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear  
 At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,  
 The sea's faint murmur. In the open air  
 Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch  
 Thick jasmins twin'd: the little landscape round



Was green and woody and refresh'd the eye.  
 It was a spot, which you might aptly call  
 The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw  
 (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)  
 A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,  
 Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calm'd  
 His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse  
 With wiser feelings: for he paus'd, and look'd  
 With a pleas'd sadness, and gaz'd all around,  
 Then eyed our cottage, and gaz'd round again,  
 And sigh'd, and said, *it was a blessed place.*  
 And we *were* blessed. Oft with patient ear  
 Long listening to the viewless sky-lark's note  
 (Viewless, or haply for a moment seen  
 Gleaming on sunny wing,) "And much," I said,  
 "The inobtrusive song of happiness —  
 Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard  
 When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd  
 And the heart listens!"

But the time, when first  
 From that low dell steep up the stony mount  
 I climb'd with perilous toil and reach'd the top,  
 O what a goodly scene! *here* the bleak mount,  
 The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;  
 Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields  
 And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,  
 Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;  
 And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood,  
 And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire:  
 The channel *there*, the islands and white sails,  
 Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless  
 ocean —

It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,  
 Had built him there a temple: the whole world  
 Seem'd *imag'd* in its vast circumference.  
 No *wish* profan'd my overwhelmed heart.  
 Blest hour! it was a luxury — to be!

Ah quiet dell! dear cot! and mount sublime,  
 I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right,  
 While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled,  
 That I should dream away the entrusted hours  
 On rose-leaf beds, pamp'ring the coward heart



44 LINES ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM.

With feelings all too delicate for use?  
 Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye  
 Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth:  
 And he, that works me good with unmov'd face,  
 Does it but half: he chills me while he aids, —  
 My benefactor, not my brother man!  
 Yet even this, this cold beneficence  
 Seizes my praise; when I reflect on those,  
 The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe!  
 Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,  
 Nursing in some delicious solitude  
 Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies!  
 I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand  
 Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight  
 Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.  
 Yet oft when after honourable toil  
 Rests the tir'd mind, and waking loves to dream,  
 My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot!  
 Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose,  
 And myrtles fearless of the mild sea air.  
 And I shall sigh fond wishes — sweet abode!  
 And — had none greater! and that all had such!

L I N E S

ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM ON THE FIRST  
 OF FEBRUARY, 1796.

WRITTEN NEAR SHEFFIELD.

SWEET flower! that peeping from thy russet stem,  
 Unfoldest timidly (for in strange sort  
 This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering  
 month,  
 Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gaz'd upon  
 thee  
 With "blue voluptuous eye") alas poor flower!  
 These are but flatteries of the faithless year.  
 Perchance escap'd its unknown polar cave,  
 Ev'n now the keen north-east is on its way.  
 Flower, that must perish! shall I liken thee  
 To some sweet girl of too, too rapid growth,



Nipp'd by consumption 'mid untimely charms?  
 Or to Bristowa's \*) bard, the wond'rous boy!  
 An amaranth, which Earth scarce seem'd to own,  
 Blooming 'mid poverty's drear wintry waste,  
 Till disappointment came, and pelting wrong  
 Beat it to earth? Or with indignant grief  
 Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's hope,  
 Bright flow'r of hope kill'd in the opening bud?  
 Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine,  
 And mock my boding! dim similitudes  
 Weaving in morals strains, I've stolen one hour  
 From black anxiety that gnaws my heart  
 For her who droops far-off on a sick bed:  
 And the warm wooings of this sunny day  
 Tremble along my frame, and harmonise  
 Th' attemper'd brain, that even the saddest  
 thoughts  
 Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes  
 Play'd deftly on a soft-ton'd instrument.

## THE HOUR WHEN WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

COMPOSED DURING ILLNESS, AND IN ABSENCE.

DIM hour! that sleep'st on pillowing clouds afar,  
 O rise and yoke the turtles to thy car!  
 Bend o'er the traces, blame each lingering dove,  
 And give me to the bosom of my love!  
 My gentle love, caressing and carest,  
 With heaving heart shall cradle me to rest!  
 Shed the warm tear-drop from her smiling eyes,  
 Lull with fond woe, and med'cine me with sighs!  
 Chill'd by the night, the drooping rose of May  
 Mourns the long absence of the lovely day;  
 Young day returning at her promis'd hour,  
 Weeps o'er the sorrows of her fav'rite flower!

\*) Chatterton.



Weeps the soft dew, the balmy gale she sighs,  
 And darts a trembling lustre from her eyes.  
 New life and joy th' expanding flow'et feels:  
 His pitying mistress mourns, and mourning heals!

~~~~~

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE
 AUTHOR.

A MOUNT, not wearisome, and bare, and steep,
 But a green mountain variously up-piled,
 Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,
 Or colour'd lichens with slow oozing weep;
 Where cypress and the darker yew start wild;
 And, 'mid the summer torrent's gentle dash,
 Dance brighten'd the red clusters of the ash;
 Beneath whose boughs, by stillest sounds beguil'd,
 Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep;
 Till, haply startled by some fleecy dam,
 That, rustling on the bushy cliff above,
 With melancholy bleat of anxious love,
 Made meek inquiry for her wand'ring lamb:
 Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,
 E'en while the bosom ach'd with loneliness —
 How heavenly sweet, if some dear friend should
 bless

Th' advent'rous toil, and up the path sublime
 Now lead, now follow; the glad landscape round,
 Wide and more wide, increasing without bound!

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark
 The berries of the half up-rooted ash
 Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash —
 Beneath the cypress or the yew more dark,
 Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock;
 In social silence now, and now t'unlock
 The treasur'd heart; arm link'd in friendly arm
 Save if the one, his muse's witching charm
 Mutt'ring brow-bent, at unwatch'd distance lag;

Till, high o'er head, his beck'ning friend appears,
 And from the forehead of the topmost crag
 Shouts eagerly: for haply *there* uprears
 That shadowing pine its old romantic limbs,
 Which latest shall detain th' enamoured sight
 Seen from below, when eve the valley dims,
 Ting'd yellow with the rich departing light;
 And haply, basin'd in some unsunn'd cleft,
 A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,
 Sleeps shelter'd there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!
 Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left,
 Stretch'd on the crag, and shadow'd by the pine,
 And bending o'er the clear delicious fount,
 Ah, dearest Charles! it were a lot divine
 To cheat our noons in moralising mood,
 While west winds fann'd our temples toil-bedew'd:
 Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the
 mount,

To some low mansion in some woody dale,
 Where, smiling with blue eye, Domestic Bliss
 Gives *this* the husband's, *that* the brother's kiss!

Thus rudely vers'd in allegoric lore,
 The hill of knowledge I essay'd to trace;
 That verd'rous hill with many a resting place,
 And many a stream, whose warbling waters pour
 To glad and fertilise the subject plains;
 That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod,
 And many a fancy-blest and holy sod
 Where Inspiration, his diviner strains
 Low murmuring, lay; and starting from the rocks
 Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks
 Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of age,
 And mad oppression's thunder-clasping rage!
 O meek retiring Spirit! we will climb,
 Cheering and cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime;
 And from the stirring world uplifted high,
 (Whose noises faintly wafted on the wind
 To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
 And oft the melancholy *theme* supply,)
 There, while the prospect thro' the gazing eye
 Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul,
 We'll laugh at wealth, and learn to laugh at
 fame,

Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the
same,
As neighb'ring fountains image, each the whole.

SONNET.

NOT, Stanhope! with the Patriot's doubtful name
 I mock thy worth — friend of the human race!
 Since scorning Faction's low and partial aim
 Aloof thou wendest in thy stately pace,
 Thyself redeeming from that leprous stain,
 Nobility: and aye unterrified
 Pourest thine Abdiel warnings on the train
 That sit complotting with rebellious pride
 Gainst *her* *), who from the Almighty's bosom leapt
 With whirlwind arm, fierce minister of love!
 Wherefore, ere virtue o'er thy tomb hath wept,
 Angels shall lead thee to the throne above:
 And thou from forth its clouds shalt hear the voice,
 Champion of freedom and her God! rejoice!

IN THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

O PEACE, that on a liliated bank dost love
To rest thine head beneath an olive tree;
I would that from the pinions of thy dove
One quill withouten pain ypluck'd might be!
For O! I wish my Sara's frowns to flee,
And fain to her some soothing song would write,
Lest she resent my rude discourtesy,
Who vow'd to meet her ere the morning light,
But broke my plighted word — ah! false and re-
creant wight!

*) Gallic Liberty.

Last night, as I my weary head did pillow,
With thoughts of my dissevered fair engross'd,
Chill Fancy droop'd, wreathing herself with willow,
As though my breast entomb'd a pining ghost.
"From some blest couch, young Rapture's bridal
boast,
Rejected Slumber! hither wing thy way;
But leave me with the matin hour, at most!
As night-clos'd flow'ret to the orient ray,
My sad heart will expand, when I the maid survey.

But Love, who heard, "the silence of my thought,"
Contriv'd a too successful wile, I ween;
And whisper'd to himself, with malice fraught,
"Too long our slave the damsel's *smiles* hath seen,
To-morrow shall he ken her alter'd mien!"
He spake, and ambush'd lay, till on my bed
The Morning shot her dewy glances keen,
When, as I 'gan uplift my drowsy head —
"Now, bard! I'll work thee woe!" the laughing
elfin said.

Sleep, softly-breathing god! his downy wing
Was fluttering now, as quickly to depart;
When twang'd an arrow from Love's mystic string,
With pathless wound it pierc'd him to the heart.
Was there some magic in the elfin's dart?
Or did he strike my couch with wizard lance?
For straight so fair a form did upwards start,
(No fairer deck'd the bowers of old romance)
That Sleep enamour'd grew, nor mov'd from his
sweet trance!

My Sara came, with gentlest look divine;
Bright shone her eye, yet tender was its beam:
I felt the pressure of her lip to mine!
Whisp'ring we went, and love was all our theme.
Love pure and spotless, as at first I deem;
He sprang from heaven! Such joys with sleep did
bide,
That I the living image of my dream
Fondly forgot. Too late I woke, and sigh'd —
"O how shall I behold my love at even-tide?"

ODE ON THE DEPARTING YEAR.

STROPHE I.

BEING ! who sweepest the wild harp of time,
It is most hard with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear !
Yet, mine eye fix'd on Heaven's unchanging clime,
Long had I listen'd, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind
When lo ! far onwards, waving on the wind,
I saw the skirts of the Departing Year !

Starting from my silent sadness
Then, with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud forbade my sight,
I rais'd th' impetuous song, and solemniz'd his
flight.

STROPHE II. *)

Hither from the recent tomb;
From the prison's direr gloom;
From poverty's heart-wasting anguish;
From distemper's midnight anguish:
Or where his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze:
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye woes, and young-eyed joys, advance !
By time's wild harp, and by the hand,
Whose indefatigable sweep
Forbids its fatal strings to sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixt tumultuous band !
From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;

*) The second Strophe calls on men to suspend their private joys and sorrows, and to devote their passions for a while to the cause of human nature in general.

And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
 O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth,
 Weep and rejoice!
 Still echoes the dread *) name, that o'er the earth
 Let slip the storm and woke the brood of hell!
 And now advance, in saintly jubilee,
 Justice and Truth: they too have heard the spell,
 They too obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

EPODE **).

I mark'd Ambition in his war array;
 I heard the mailed monarch's troublous cry —
 "Ah! wherefore does the northern conqueress stay?
 Groans not her chariot o'er its onward way?"
 Fly, mailed monarch, fly!
 Stunn'd by death's "twice mortal" mace,
 No more on Murder's lurid face
 Th' insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye
 Manes of th' unnumber'd slain!
 Ye that gasp'd on Warsaw's plain!
 Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,
 When human ruin chok'd the streams,
 Fell in conquest's glutt'd hour,
 Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams;
 Whose shrieks, whose screams were vain to
 stir
 Loud-laughing, red-eyed Massacre!
 Spirits of th' uncoffin'd slain,
 Sudden blasts of triumph swelling
 Oft, at night, in misty train
 Rush around her narrow dwelling!
 Th' exterminating fiend is fled —
 (Foul her life and dark her doom!)
 Mighty army of the dead,
 Dance, like death-fires, round her tomb!

*) The name of Liberty, which, at the commencement of the French Revolution, was both the occasion and the pretext of unnumbered crimes and horrors.

**) The first Epode refers to the late Empress of Russia, who died of an apoplexy on the 17th of November, 1796, having just concluded a subsidiary treaty with the kings combined against France.

Then with prophetic song relate
Each some scepter'd murderer's fate!

ANTISTROPHE I. *)

Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision. Where, alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne
Aye Memory sits; thy vest profan'd with gore,
Thou with an unimaginable groan
Gav'st reck'ning of thy hours! Silence ensued!
Deep silence o'er th' ethereal multitude,
Whose wreathed locks with snow-white glories
shone,

Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choired gods advancing,
The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet,
And stood up beautiful before the cloudy seat!

ANTISTROPHE II.

On every harp, on every tongue,
While the mute enchantment hung;
Like thunder from a midnight cloud,
Spake the sudden Spirit loud —
"Thou in stormy blackness throning
Love and uncreated light,
By the earth's unsolaced groaning
Seize thy terrors, Arm of Might!
By Belgium's corse-impeded flood! **)
By Vendée, steaming brothers' blood!
By Peace, with proffer'd insult scar'd,
Masked Hate and envying Scorn!
By years of havoc yet unborn;
And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared!
But chief by Afric's wrongs,
Strange, horrible, and foul!
By what deep guilt belongs
To the deaf senate, "full of gifts and lies!"
By wealth's insensate laugh! by torture's howl!
Avenger, rise!

*) The first Antistrophe describes the image of the departing year, as in a vision; and concludes with introducing the planetary angel of the earth preparing to address the Supreme Being.

**) "By Belgium's corse-impeded flood." — The Rhine.

For ever shall the bloody island scowl;
 For aye, unbroken, shall her cruel bow
 Shoot famine's arrows o'er thy ravag'd world!

Hark! how wide nature joins her groans below —
 Rise, God of nature, rise! Ah, why those bolts
 unhurl'd? „

EPODE II. *)

The voice had ceas'd, the phantoms fled,
 Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread.
 And ever, when the dream of night
 Renews the vision to my sight,
 Cold sweat-damps gather on my limbs
 My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start;
 My brain with horrid tumult swims;
 Wild is the tempest of my heart;
 And my thick and struggling breath
 Imitates the toil of death!
 No stranger agony confounds
 The soldier on the war-field spread,
 When all foredone with toil and wounds,
 Death like he dozes among heaps of dead!
 (The strife is o'er, the day-light fled,
 And the night-wind clamours hoarse;
 See! the startful wretch's head
 Lies pillow'd on a brother's corse!)
 O doom'd to fall, enslav'd and vile,
 O Albion! O my mother Isle!
 Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
 Glitter green with sunny showers;
 Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
 Echo to the bleat of flocks;
 (Those grassy hills, those glittering dells,
 Proudly ramparted with rocks).
 And Ocean 'mid his uproar wild
 Speaks safety to his island child.
 Hence for many a fearless age
 Has social quiet lov'd thy shore;
 Nor ever sworded warrior's rage
 Or sack'd thy towers, or stain'd thy fields with
 gore.

*) The Poem concludes with prophecying in anguish of spirit
 the downfall of this country.

O abandon'd of Heaven! *) mad Avarice thy guide
At cowardly distance, yet kindling with pride —
'Mid thy corn-fields and herds thou in plenty hast
stood,

And join'd the loud yellings of famine and blood.
The nations curse thee: and with eager wond'ring
Shall hear Destruction, like a vulture, scream!
Strange-eyed Destruction, who, with many a dream
Of central fires thro' nether seas upthund'ring,
Soothes her fierce solitude; yet, as she lies
By livid fount, or red volcanic stream,
If ever to her lidless dragon eyes
Visions of thy predestin'd ruins rise,

*) "O abandoned of Heaven !," — The poet, from having considered the peculiar advantages which this country has enjoyed, passes in rapid transition to the uses which we have made of these advantages. We have been preserved by our insular situation from suffering the actual horrors of war ourselves, and we have shown our gratitude to Providence for this immunity by our eagerness to spread those horrors over nations less happily situated. In the midst of plenty and safety, we have raised or joined the yell for famine and blood. Of the one hundred and seven last years fifty have been years of war. — Such wickedness can not pass unpunished. We have been proud and confident in our alliances and our fleets ; but God has prepared the canker-worm, and will smite the *gourds* of our pride. "Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea? Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite: Put and Lubim were her helpers. Yet was she carried away, she went into captivity: and they cast lots for her honourable men, and all her great men were bound in chains. Thou also shalt be drunken: all thy strong holds shall be like fig-trees with the first-ripe figs: if they be shaken, they shall even fall into the mouth of the eater. Thou hast multiplied thy merchants above the stars of heaven. Thy crowned are as the locusts, and thy captains as the great grasshoppers, which camp in the hedges in the cold day; but when the sun ariseth they flee away. and their place is not known where they are. There is no healing of thy bruise; thy wound is grievous: all that hear the report of thee shall clap the hands over thee: for upon whom hath not thy wickedness passed continually?" — NAHUM, chap. III.

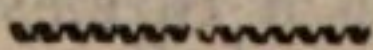
The fiend-hag on her perilous couch doth leap,
Mutt'ring distemper'd triumph in her charmed
sleep.

Away, my soul, away!

In vain, in vain, the birds of warning sing —
And hark! I hear the famish'd brood of prey
Flap their lank pennons on the groaning wind

Away, my soul, away!

I, unpartaking of the evil thing,
With daily prayer, and daily toil,
Soliciting for food my scanty soil,
Have wail'd my country with a loud lament.
Now I recentre my immortal mind
In the blest sabbath of high self-content;
Cleans'd from bedimming fear, and anguish weak
and blind.



SONNET.

COMPOSED WHILE CLIMBING THE LEFT ASCENT OF
BROCKLEY-COOMB, IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET,
MAY, 1795.

WITH many a pause and oft reverted eye
I climb the Coomb's ascent: sweet songsters near
Warble in shade their wild-wood melody:
Far off th' unvarying cuckoo soothes my ear.
Up scour the startling stragglers of the flock,
That on green plots o'er precipices browze:
From the forc'd fissures of the naked rock
The yew trees burst. Beneath its dark green boughs
(Mid which the May-thorn blends its blossoms white)
Where broad smooth stones jut out in mossy seats,
I rest. And now have gain'd the topmast site.
Ah, what a luxury of landscape meets
My gaze! Proud tow'rs, and cots more dear to me;
Elm-shadow'd fields and prospect-bounding sea;
Deep sighs my lonely heart: I drop the tear:
Enchanting spot. O were my Sara here!



LINE **ON** **A** **FRIEND,**
WHO **DIED** **OF** **A** **FRENZY** **FEVER,**
INDUCED **BY** **CALUMNIOUS** **REPORTS.**

EDMUND! thy grave with aching eye I scan,
And inly groan for Heaven's poor outcast, man!
'Tis tempest all or gloom. In early youth,
If gifted with the Ithuriel lance of Truth,
We force to start amid her feign'd caress,
Vice, syren hag! in native ugliness,
A brother's fate will haply rouse the tear:
Onward we move in heaviness and fear!
But if our fond hearts call to Pleasure's bower
Some pigmy folly in a careless hour,
The faithless guest shall stamp th' enchanted
ground,

And mingled forms of mis'ry rise around:
Heart-fretting Fear, with pallid look aghast,
That courts the future woe to hide the past;
Remorse, the poison'd arrow in his side;
And loud lewd Mirth, to Anguish close allied;
Till Frenzy, fierce-eyed child of moping Pain,
Darts her hot lightning flash athwart the brain.
Rest, injur'd shade! Shall Slander, squatting
near,

Spit her cold venom in a dead man's ear?
'Twas thine to feel the sympathetic glow
In Merit's joy, and Poverty's meek woe;
Thine all, that cheer the moment as it flies,
The *zoneless* Cares, and smiling Courtesies.
Nurs'd in thy heart the firmer virtues grew,
And in thy heart they wither'd! Such chill dew
Wan Indolence on each young blossom shed;
And Vanity her filmy net-work spread,
With eye that roll'd around in asking gaze,
And tongue that traffic'd in the trade of praise.
Thy follies such! the hard world mark'd them
well:

Were they more wise, the proud who never
fell?

Rest, injur'd shade! The poor man's grateful
prayer,
On heaven-ward wing, thy wounded soul shall
bear.

As oft at twilight gloom thy grave I pass,
And oft sit down upon its recent grass,
With introverted eye I contemplate
Similitude of soul, perhaps of — fate!
To me hath Heaven, with bounteous hand as-
signed

Energic Reason and a shaping mind,
The daring ken of Truth, the Patriot's part,
And Pity's sigh, that breathes the gentle heart;
Sloth-jaundic'd all! and from my graspless hand
Drop Friendship's precious pearls, like hourglass
sand.

I weep, yet stoop not! the faint anguish flows,
A dreamy pang in morning's feverish doze.

Is this pil'd earth our being's passless mound?
Tell me, cold grave! is Death with poppies
crown'd?

Tir'd sentinel! 'mid fitful starts I nod,
And fain would sleep, though pillow'd on a clod!

November, 1794.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. — Person of Christ. — His prayer on the Cross. — The process of his Doctrines on the Mind of the Individual. — Character of the Elect. — Superstition. — Digression to the present War. — Origin and Uses of Government and Property. — The present State of Society. — French Revolution. — Millennium. — Universal Redemption. — Conclusion.

What tho' first,
In years unseason'd, I attun'd the lay
To idle Passion and unreal Woe?
Yet serious Truth her empire o'er my song
Hath now asserted: Falshood's evil brood,
Vice and deceitful Pleasure, she at once
Excluded, and my Fancy's careless toil
Drew to the better cause.

AKENSIDE.

RELIGIOUS MUSINGS *).

THIS is the time when, most divine to hear,
The voice of Adoration rouses me,
As with a cherub's trump: and high upborne,
Yea, mingling with the choir, I seem to view
The vision of the heavenly multitude,
Who hymn'd the song of peace o'er Bethlehem's
fields!

Yet Thou, more bright than all the angel host,
That harbinger'd thy birth, Thou, Man of Woes!
Despised Galilaean! for the Great
Invisible (by symbols only seen)

*) A Desultory Poem. Written on the Christmas Eve of 1794.

Truth of subliming import! with the which
 Who feeds and saturates his constant soul,
 He from his small particular orbit flies
 With blest outstarting! From Himself he flies,
 Stands in the sun, and with no partial gaze
 Views all creation; and he loves it all,
 And blesses it; and calls it very good!
 This is indeed to dwell with the Most High!
 The cherubs and the trembling seraphim
 Can press no nearer to th' Almighty's Throne.
 But that we roam unconscious, or with hearts
 Unfeeling of our universal Sire,
 Haply for this some younger angel now
 Looks down on human nature: and, behold!
 A sea of blood bestrew'd with wrecks, where mad
 Embattling interests on each other rush
 With unhelm'd rage!

'Tis the sublime of man,
 Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
 Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
 This fraternises man, this constitutes
 Our charities and bearings. But 'tis God
 Diffus'd thro' all, that doth make all one whole;
 This the worst superstition, him except
 Aught to desire, Supreme Reality! *)
 The plenitude and permanence of bliss!
 O fiends of superstition! not that oft
 The erring priest hath stain'd with brother's blood
 Your grisly idols, not for this may wrath
 Thunder against you from the Holy One!
 But o'er some plain that steameth to the sun,
 Peopled with death; or where more hideous Trade
 Loud-laughing packs his bales of human anguish;

*) If to make aught but the Supreme Reality the object of final pursuit, be superstition, if the attributing of sublime properties to things or persons, which those things or persons neither do or can possess, be superstition; then avarice and ambition are superstitions: and he, who wishes to estimate the evils of superstition, should transport himself, not to the temple of the Mexican deities, but to the plains of Flanders, or the coast of Africa. — Such is the sentiment conveyed in this and the subsequent lines.

I will raise up a mourning, O ye fiends !
 And curse your spells, that film the eye of Faith,
 Hiding the present God ; whose presence lost,
 The moral world's cohesion, we become
 An anarchy of spirits ! Toy-bewitch'd,
 Made blind by lusts, disherited of soul,
 No common centre man, no common sire
 Knoweth ! A sordid solitary thing,
 'Mid countless brethren with a lonely heart
 Thro' courts and cities the smooth savage roams,
 Feeling himself, his own low self the whole ;
 When he by sacred sympathy might make
 The whole one self ! self, that no alien knows !
 Self, far diffus'd as Fancy's wing can travel !
 Self, spreading still ! Oblivious of its own,
 Yet all of all possessing ! This is Faith !
 This is the Messiah's destin'd victory !
 But first offences needs must come ! *) Even now
 (Black hell laughs horrible — to hear the scoff !)
 Thee to defend, meek Galilæan ! Thee
 And thy mild laws of love unutterable,
 Mistrust and Enmity have burst the bands
 Of social Peace ; and list'ning Treachery lurks
 With *pious* fraud to snare a brother's life ;
 And childless widows o'er the groaning land
 Wail numberless ; and orphans weep for bread !
 Thee to defend, dear Saviour of Mankind !

*) January 21st, 1794, in the debate on the Address to His Majesty on the speech from the throne, the Earl of Guildford moved an amendment to the following effect : "That the House hoped His Majesty would seize the earliest opportunity to conclude a peace with France, etc." This motion was opposed by the Duke of Portland, who "considered the war to be merely grounded on one principle — the preservation of the Christian Religion." May 30th, 1794, the Duke of Bedford moved a number of resolutions, with a view to the establishment of a peace with France. He was opposed (among others) by Lord Abingdon in these remarkable words : "The best road to peace, my Lords, is war ! and war carried on in the same manner in which we are taught to worship our Creator, namely, with all our souls, and with all our minds, and with all our hearts, and with all our strength."

Thee, Lamb of God ! Thee, blameless Prince of
Peace !

From all sides rush the thirsty brood of War !
Austria, and that foul Woman of the North,
The lustful murd'ress of her wedded lord !
And he, connatural mind ! whom (in their songs
So bards of elder time had haply feign'd)
Some fury fondled in her hate to man,
Bidding her serpent hair in mazy surge
Lick his young face, and at his mouth inbreathe
Horrible sympathy ! And leagued with these
Each petty German princeling, nurs'd in gore !
Soul-hardened barterers of human blood !
Death's prime slave-merchants ! scorpion-whips of
Fate !

Nor least in savagery of holy zeal,
Apt for the yoke, the race degenerate,
Whom Britain erst had blush'd to call her sons !
Thee to defend the Moloch priest prefers
The prayer of hate, and bellows to the herd
That Deity, accomplice Deity
In the fierce jealousy of waken'd wrath
Will go forth with our armies and our fleets
To scatter the red ruin on their foes !
O blasphemy ! to mingle fiendish deeds
With blessedness !

Lord of unsleeping love *),
From everlasting thou ! We shall not die.
These, even these, in mercy didst thou form,
Teachers of good thro' evil, by brief wrong
Making Truth lovely, and her future might
Magnetic o'er the fix'd untrembling heart.
In the primeval age, a dateless while,

*) Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, mine Holy One ?
We shall not die. O Lord, thou hast ordained them for judgment,
etc. Habakkuk, I. 12. In this paragraph, the author recalls him-
self from his indignation against the instruments of evil, to con-
template the *uses* of these evils in the great process of divine be-
nevolence. In the first age, men were innocent from ignorance
of vice ; they fell, that by the knowledge of consequences they
might attain intellectual security, i. e. virtue, which is a wise
and strong-nerv'd innocence.

The vacant shepherd wander'd with his flock,
 Pitching his tent where'er the green grass waved.
 But soon Imagination conjur'd up
 An host of new desires: with busy aim,
 Each for himself, Earth's eager children toil'd.
 So property began, twy-streaming fount,
 Whence vice and virtue flow, honey and gall.
 Hence the soft couch, and many-colour'd robe,
 The timbrel, and arch'd dome and costly feast,
 With all th' inventive arts, that nurs'd the soul
 To forms of beauty, and by sensual wants
 Unsensualis'd the mind, which, in the means,
 Learn'd to forget the grossness of the end,
 Best pleasur'd with its own activity.
 And hence disease that withers manhood's arm,
 The dagger'd envy, spirit-quenching want,
 Warriors, and Lords, and Priests — all the sore
 ills

That vex and desolate our mortal life:
 Wide-wasting ills! yet each th' immediate source
 Of mightier good. Their keen necessities
 To ceaseless action goading human thought
 Have made earth's reasoning animal her lord;
 And the pale featur'd sage's trembling hand
 Strong as an host of armed deities.

From avarice thus, from luxury and war
 Sprang heavenly science; and from science free-
 dom.

O'er waken'd realms philosophers and bards
 Spread in concentric circles: they whose souls,
 Conscious of their high dignities from God,
 Brook not wealth's rivalry; and they, who long
 Enamour'd with the charms of order, hate
 Th' unseemly disproportion: and whoe'er
 Turn with mild sorrow from the victor's car,
 And the low puppetry of thrones, to muse
 On that blest triumph, when the patriot sage
 Call'd the red lightnings from th' o'er-rushing
 cloud,

And dash'd the beauteous terrors on the earth,
 Smiling majestic. Such a phalanx ne'er
 Measur'd firm paces to the calming sound
 Of Spartan flute! these on the fated day,

When, stung to rage by pity, eloquent men
Have rous'd with pealing voice th' unnumber'd
tribes

That toil and groan and bleed, hungry and blind;
These hush'd awhile with patient eye serene
Shall watch the mad careering of the storm,
Then o'er the wild and wavy chaos rush
And tame th' outrageous mass, with plastic might,
Moulding confusion to such perfect forms,
As erst were wont, bright visions of the day!
To float before them, when, the summer noon,
Beneath some arch'd romantic rock reclin'd,
They felt the sea-breeze lift their youthful locks
Or in the month of blossoms, at mild eve,
Wandering with desultory feet, inhal'd
The wafted perfumes, gazing on the woods,
The many-tinted streams, and setting sun
With all his gorgeous company of clouds,
In extasy! then, homeward as they stray'd,
Cast the sad eye to earth, and inly mus'd
Why there was misery in a world so fair.

Ah far removed from all that glads the sense,
From all that softens or ennobles man,
The wretched many! bent beneath their loads,
They gape at pageant power, nor recognise
Their cots' transmuted plunder! from the tree
Of knowledge, ere the vernal sap had risen
Rudely disbranch'd! evil society!
Fitliest depictur'd by some sun-scorcht waste,
Where oft majestic thro' the tainted noon
The Simoom sails, before whose purple pomp
Who falls not prostrate dies! and where, by night,
Fast by each precious fountain on green herbs
The lion couches; or hyena dips
Deep in the lucid stream his gore-stain'd jaws;
Or serpent plants his vast moon-glittering bulk,
Caught in whose monstrous twine Behemoth
yells *),
His bones loud-crashing!

*) *Behemoth* in Hebrew signifies wild beasts in general. Some believe it its the elephant, some the hippopotamus; some affirm it is the wild-bull. Poetically, it designates any large quadruped.

O ye numberless,
Ye, whom oppression's ruffian gluttony
Drives from the feast of life! O thou poor wretch,
Who, nurs'd in darkness and made wild by want,
Roamest for prey, yea thy unnatural hand
Dost lift to deeds of blood! O pale-eyed form,
The victim of seduction, doomed to know
Nights of pollution, days of blasphemy;
Who in thy orgies with loath'd wassailers
Must gaily laugh, while thy remember'd home
Gnaws like a viper at thy secret heart!
O aged women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel tost by law-forc'd charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder!
O loathly suppliants! ye that, unreceiv'd,
Totter heart-broken from the closing gates
Of the full lazaret-house; or gazing, stand
Sick with despair! O ye to Glory's field
Forc'd or ensnar'd, who, as ye gasp in death,
Bleed with new wounds beneath the vulture's
beak!
O thou poor widow, who in dreams dost view
Thy husband's mangled corse, and from short
doze
Start'st with a shriek: or in thy half-thatch'd
cot,
Wak'd by the wintry night-storm, wet and cold,
Cower'st o'er thy screaming baby! rest awhile,
Children of wretchedness! more groans must
rise,
More blood must stream, or ere your wrongs be
full.
Yet is the day of retribution nigh:
The Lamb of God hath open'd the fifth seal:
And upward rush, on swiftest wing of fire,
Th' innumerable multitude of wrongs,
By man on man inflicted! Rest awhile,
Children of wretchedness! The hour is nigh:
And lo! the great, the rich, the mighty men,
The kings and the chief captains of the world.
With all that fix'd on high like stars of heaven
Shot baleful influence, shall be cast to earth,
Vile and down-trodden! as the untimely fruit
Shook from the fig-tree by a sudden-storm.

E'en now the storm begins : each gentle name *),
 Faith and meek piety, with fearful joy
 Tremble far off — for lo ! the giant Frenzy,
 Uprooting empires with his whirlwind arm,
 Mocketh high Heav'n ; burst hideous from the cell
 Where the old hag, unconquerable, huge,
 Creation's eyeless drudge, black Ruin, sits
 Nursing th' impatient earthquake.

O return !
 Pure Faith ! meek Piety ! The abhorred form,
 Whose scarlet robe was stiff with earthly pomp,
 Who drank iniquity in cups of gold,
 Whose names were many, and all blasphemous,
 Hath met the horrible judgment ! Whence that
 cry ?

The mighty army of foul spirits shriek'd,
 Disherited of earth ! For she hath fallen
 On whose black front was written Mystery ;
 She that reel'd heavily, whose wine was blood ;
 She that work'd whoredom with the demon power,
 And from the dark embrace, all evil things
 Brought forth and nurtur'd : mitred atheism,
 And patient folly, who, on bended knee,
 Gives back the steel that stabb'd him ; and pale
 fear,

Hunted by ghastlier shapings than surround
 Moon-blasted madness, when he yells at midnight !
 Return, pure Faith ! return, meek Piety
 The kingdoms of the world are yours : each heart
 Self-govern'd, the vast family of love,
 Raised from the common earth by common toil,
 Enjoy the equal produce. Such delights
 As float to earth, permitted visitants !
 When, in some hour of solemn jubilee,
 The massy gates of paradise are thrown
 Wide open, and forth come, in fragments wild,
 Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
 And odours snatch'd from beds of amaranth,
 And they, that from the crystal river of life
 Spring up on freshen'd wing, ambrosial gales !

*) This passage alludes to the French Revolution ; and the subsequent paragraph to the downfall of religious establishments.

Coadjutors of God. To Milton's trump
The high groves of the renovated earth
Unbosom their glad echoes: inly hush'd,
Adoring Newton his serener eye
Raises to heaven: and he, of mortal kind
Wisest, he **) first who mark'd the ideal tribes
Up the fine fibres thro' the sentient brain
Pass in fine surges. Pressing on his steps,
Lo! Priestley there, patriot, and saint, and sage!
Him, full of years, from his lov'd native land,
Statesmen blood stain'd, and priests idolatrous,
By dark lies mad'ning the blind multitude,
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying, he retir'd,
And mus'd expectant on these promis'd years.
O years! the blest pre-eminence of saints!
Ye sweep athwart my gaze, so heavenly bright,
The wings that veil the adoring seraph's eyes,

***) David Hartley.

What time he bends before the jasper throne *),
 Reflect no lovelier hues! yet ye depart,
 And all beyond is darkness! Heights most strange,
 Whence fancy falls, fluttering her idle wing.
 For who of woman born may paint the hour,
 When, seiz'd in his mid course, the sun shall

wane,

Making noon ghastly! Who of woman born
 May image, how the red-eyed fiend, out-
 stretch'd **)

Beneath the unsteady feet of nature groans,
 In feverish slumbers — destined then to wake,
 When fiery whirlwinds thunder his dread name,
 Destruction! when the sons of morning shout,
 The angels shout, Destruction! How his arm
 The last great Spirit lifting high in air,
 Shall swear by Him, the ever-living One,
 TIME IS NO MORE!

Believe thou †), O my soul,
 Life is a vision shadowy of truth;
 And vice, and anguish, and the wormy grave,
 Shapes of a dream! The veiling clouds retire,
 And lo! the throne of the redeeming God
 Wraps in one light earth, heaven, and deepest
 hell.

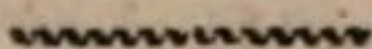
Contemplant spirits! ye that hover o'er,
 With untir'd gaze, th' immeasurable fount,
 Ebullient with creative Deity!
 And ye, of plastic power, that interfus'd,
 Roll thro' the grosser and material mass
 In organising surge! Holies of God!
 (And what if Monads of the infinite mind?)

*) Rev., chap. IV., ver. 2, 3. "And immediately I was in the Spirit: and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper and sardine stone, etc."

**) The final destruction impersonated.

†) This paragraph is intelligible to those, who, like the author, believe and feel the sublime system of Berkley, and the doctrine of the final happiness of all men.

I haply, journeying my immortal course,
 Shall some time join your mystic choir! Till then,
 I discipline my young noviciate thought,
 In ministeries of heart-stirring song,
 And aye, on meditation's heaven-ward wing
 Soaring aloft, I breathe th' empyreal air
 Of love, omnific, omnipresent love,
 Whose day-spring rises glorious in my soul
 As the great sun, when he his influence
 Sheds on the frost-bound waters — the glad stream
 Flows to the ray, and warbles as it flows.

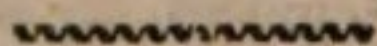


L I N E S

TO A BEAUTIFUL SPRING IN A VILLAGE.

ONCE more, sweet stream! with slow foot wand'-
 ring near,
 I bless thy milky waters cold and clear.
 Escap'd the flashing of the noontide hours,
 With one fresh garland of Pierian flowers
 (Ere from thy zephyr-haunted brink I turn)
 My languid hand shall wreath thy mossy urn.
 For not thro' pathless grove, with murmur rude,
 Thou soothest the sad wood-nymph, Solitude:
 Nor thine unseen in cavern depths to well,
 The hermit-fountain of some dripping cell!
 Pride of the vale! thy useful streams supply
 The scatter'd cots and peaceful hamlet nigh.
 The elfin tribe, around thy friendly banks,
 With infant uproar and soul-soothing pranks,
 Releas'd from school, their little hearts at rest,
 Launch paper navies on thy waveless breast.
 The rustic here at eve, with pensive look,
 Whistling lorn ditties, leans upon his crook
 Or starting, pauses with hope-mingled dread
 To list the much-lov'd maid's accustom'd tread:
 She, vainly mindful of her dame's command,
 Loiters, the long-fill'd pitcher in her hand.

Unboastful stream! thy fount with pebbled falls
 The faded form of past delight recalls,
 What time the morning sun of hope arose,
 And all was joy; save when another's woes
 A transient gloom upon my soul imprest,
 Like passing clouds impictur'd on thy breast.
 Life's current then ran sparkling to the noon,
 Or silv'ry, stole beneath the pensive moon:
 Ah! now it works rude brakes and thorns among,
 Or o'er the rough rock bursts and foams along!



EPITAPH ON AN INFANT.

ERE sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care;
 The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
 And bade it blossom there.



WRITTEN IN EARLY YOUTH.

THE TIME,
 AN AUTUMNAL EVENING.

O THOU wild Fancy, check thy wing! No more
 Those thin white flakes, those purple clouds ex-
 plore!
 Nor there with happy spirits speed thy flight,
 Bath'd in rich amber-glowing floods of light;
 Nor in yon gleam, where slow descends the day,
 With western peasants hail the morning ray!
 Ah! rather bid the perish'd pleasures move,
 A shadowy train, across the soul of love!

O'er Disappointment's wintry desert fling
Each flower, that wreath'd the dewy locks of
Spring,
When, blushing like a bride, from hope's trim
bower
She leap'd, awaken'd by the pattering shower.

Now sheds the sinking sun a deeper gleam;
Aid, lovely sorceress! aid thy poet's dream
With faery wand, O bid the maid arise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes;
As erst, when from the Muses' calm abode
I came, with learning's meed not unbestow'd:
When, as she twin'd a laurel round my brow,
And met my kiss, and half return'd my vow,
O'er all my frame shot rapid my thrill'd heart,
And every nerve confess'd the electric dart.
O dear deceit! I see the maiden rise,
Chaste joyance dancing in her bright blue eyes,
When first the lark high-soaring, swells his throat,
Mocks the tir'd eye, and scatters the loud note,
I trace her footsteps on the accustom'd lawn,
I mark her glancing 'mid the gleams of dawn.
When the bent flower beneath the night-dew
weeps,
And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps,
Amid the paly radiance, soft and sad,
She meets my lonely path in moon-beams clad.
With her along the streamlet's brink I rove;
With her I list the warblings of the grove;
And seems in each low wind her voice to float,
Lone-whispering pity in each soothing note.

Spirits of love! ye heard her name! Obey
The powerful spell, and to my haunt repair;
Whether on clust'ring pinions ye are there,
Where rich snows blossom on the myrtle trees,
Or with fond languishment, around my fair
Sigh in the loose luxuriance of her hair;
O heed the spell, and hither wing your way,
Like far-off music, voyaging the breeze!
Spirits! to you the infant maid was given,
Form'd by the wondrous alchemy of Heaven!
No fairer maid does love's wide empire know,

Where blameless pleasures dimple Quiet's cheek,
 As water-lilies ripple a slow stream.
 Dear native haunts! where Virtue still is gay;
 Where Friendship's fix'd star sheds a mellow'd
 ray;

Where Love a crown of thornless roses wears:
 Where soften'd Sorrow smiles within her tears;
 And Mem'ry, with a vestal's chaste employ,
 Unceasing, feeds the lambent flame of joy
 No more your sky-larks, melting from the sight,
 Shall thrill th' attuned heart-string with delight:—
 No more shall deck your pensive pleasures sweet
 With wreaths of sober hue my evening seat.
 Yet dear to fancy's eye your varied scene
 Of wood, hill, dale, and sparkling brook between!
 Yet sweet to fancy's ear the warbled song,
 That soars on morning's wing your vales among.

Scenes of my hope! that aching eye ye leave
 Like yon bright hues, that paint the clouds of
 eve!

Tearful and sad'ning with the sadden'd blaze,
 Mine eye the gleam pursues with wistful gaze;
 Sees shades on shades with deeper tint inpend,
 'Till, chill and damp, the moonless night descend.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WITH A POEM ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MUCH on my early youth I love to dwell,
 Ere yet I bade that friendly dome farewell,
 Where first, beneath the echoing cloisters pale,
 I heard of guilt, and wonder'd at the tale!
 Yet though the hours flew by on careless wing,
 Full heavily of sorrow would I sing.
 Aye as the star of evening flung its beam
 In broken radiance on the wavy stream,

*

My soul, amid the pensive twilight gloom,
Mourn'd with the breeze, O Lee Boo!*) o'er thy tomb.
Where'er I wander'd, Pity still was near,
Breath'd from the heart, and glisten'd in the tear:
No knell that toll'd, but fill'd my anxious eye,
And suffering Nature wept that *one* should die!**))

Thus to sad sympathies I sooth'd my breast,
Calm as the rainbow in the weeping west:
When slumb'ring Freedom, rous'd by high Disdain,
With giant fury burst her triple chain!
Fierce on her front the blasting dog star glow'd;
Her banners, like a midnight meteor, flow'd;
Amid the yelling of the storm-rent skies
She came, and scatter'd battles from her eyes!
Then Exultation wak'd the patriot fire,
And swept with wilder hand th' Alcaean lyre:
Red from the tyrants' wound I shook the lance,
And strode in joy the reeking plains of France!

Fall'n is th' oppressor, friendless, ghastly, low,
And my heart aches, though Mercy struck the blow.
With wearied thought once more I seek the shade,
Where peaceful Virtue weaves the myrtle braid.
And O! if eyes, whose holy glances roll,
Swift messengers, and eloquent of soul;
If smiles more winning, and a gentler mien,
Than the love-wilder'd maniac's brain hath seen
Shaping celestial forms in vacant air,
If these demand th' impassion'd poet's care —
If Mirth, and soften'd Sense, and Wit refin'd,
The blameless features of a lovely mind;
Then haply shall my trembling hand assign
No fading wreath to Beauty's saintly shrine.
Nor, Sara! thou these early flowers refuse —
Ne'er lurk'd the snake beneath their simple hues:
No purple bloom the child of nature brings
From Flatt'ry's night-shade: as he feels he sings.

*) Lee Boo, the son of Abba Thule, Prince of the Pellew Islands, came over to England with Captain Wilson, died of the small-pox, and is buried in Greenwich church yard.

**) Southey's Retrospect.

SONNET.

TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON.

MILD splendour of the various-vested night!
 Mother of wildly-working visions, hail!
 I watch thy gliding, while with watry light
 Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil;
 And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
 Behind the gather'd blackness lost on high;
 And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud,
 Thy placid lightning o'er th' awaken'd sky.
 Ah, such is hope! as changeful and as fair!
 Now dimly peering on the wistful sight;
 Now hid behind the dragon-wing'd despair:
 But soon emerging, in her radiant might,
 She, o'er the sorrrw-clouded breast of care,
 Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

IMITATED FROM OSSIAN.

THE stream with languid murmur creeps,
 In Lumin's *flowery* vale:
 Beneath the dew the lily weeps,
 Slow-waving to the gale *).

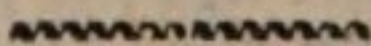
*) The flower hangs its head, waving at times to the gale. Why dost thou awake me, O gale! it seems to say, I am covered with the drops of heaven. The time of my fading is near, the blast that shall scatter my leaves. To-morrow shall the traveller come, he that saw me in my beauty shall come. His eyes will search the field, they will not find me. So shall they search in vain for the voice of Cona, after it has failed in the field. — BERRATHON, see Ossian's Poems, vol. II.

"Cease, restless gale," it seems to say,
 "Nor wake me with thy sighing;
 The honours of my vernal day
 On rapid wing are flying.

"To-morrow shall the traveller come
 Who late beheld me blooming;
 His searching eye shall vainly roam
 The dreary vale of Lumin."

With eager gaze and wetted cheek
 My wonted haunts along,
 Thus, faithful maiden! thou shalt seek
 The youth of simplest song.

But I along the breeze shall roll
 The voice of feeble power;
 And dwell, the moon-beam of thy soul,
 In slumber's nightly hour.



IMITATED FROM THE WELSH.

If, while my passion I impart,
 You deem my words untrue,
 O place your hand upon my heart —
 Feel how it throbs for you.

Ah no! reject the thoughtless claim,
 In pity to your lover:
 That thrilling touch would aid the flame
 It wishes to discover.



THE
COMPLAINT OF NINATHOMA *).

How long will ye round me be swelling,
O ye blue-tumbling waves of the sea?
Not always in caves was my dwelling,
Nor beneath the cold blast of the tree.
Through the high-sounding halls of Cathlóma,
In the steps of my beauty I stray'd;
The warriors beheld Ninathoma,
And they blessed the white-bosom'd maid.

A ghost! by my cavern it darted!
In moon-beams the spirit was drest —
For lovely appear the departed
When they visit the dreams of my rest.
But disturb'd by the tempest's commotion,
Fleet the shadowy forms of delight —
Ah cease, thou shrill blast of the ocean,
To howl through my cavern by night.

~~~~~  
TO AN INFANT.

Ah, cease thy tears and sobs, my little life!  
I did but snatch away the unclasp'd knife:  
Some safer toy will soon arrest thine eye,  
And to quick laughter change this peevish cry!  
Poor stumbler on the rocky coast of woe,  
Tutor'd by pain each source of pain to know!  
Alike the foodful fruit and scorching fire  
Awake thy eager grasp and young desire:

---

\*.) How long will ye roll around me, blue-tumbling waters of ocean? My dwelling was not always in caves, nor beneath the whistling tree. My feast was spread in Torthoma's Hall. The youths beheld me in my loveliness. They blessed the dark-haired Ninathoma. — BERRATHON.



Alike the good, the ill offend thy sight,  
 And rouse the stormy sense of shrill affright!  
 Untaught, yet wise! 'mid all thy brief alarms  
 Thou closely clingest to thy mother's arms  
 Nestling thy little face in that fond breast,  
 Whose anxious heavings lull thee to thy rest.

Man's breathing miniature! thou mak'st me sigh—  
 A babe art thou — and such a thing am I!  
 To anger rapid, and as soon appeas'd,  
 For trifles mourning, and by trifles pleas'd,  
 Break Friendship's mirror with a tetchy blow,  
 Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar  
 glow!

O thou that rearest with celestial aim  
 The future seraph in my mortal frame,  
 Thrice holy Faith! whatever thorns I meet,  
 As on I totter with unpractis'd feet,  
 Still let me stretch my arms and cling to thee,  
 Meek nurse of souls thro' their long infancy!

## SONNET.

THOUGH rous'd by that dark visir, Riot rude  
 Have driven our Priestley o'er the ocean swell;  
 Though Superstition and her wolfish brood  
 Bay his mild radiance, impotent and fell;  
 Calm in his halls of brightness he shall dwell  
 For lo! Religion, at his strong behest,  
 Starts with mild anger from the papal spell,  
 And flings to earth her tinsel-glittering vest.  
 Her mitred state and cumbrous pomp unholy;  
 And Justice wakes to bid th' oppressor wail  
 Insulting aye the wrongs of patient Folly;  
 And from her dark retreat, by Wisdom won,  
 Meek nature slowly lifts her matron veil  
 To smile with fondness on her gazing son!



**DOMESTIC PEACE.**

TELL me, on what holy ground  
 May Domestic Peace be found?  
 Halcyon daughter of the skies,  
 Far on fearful wings she flies,  
 From the pomp of scepter'd state,  
 From the rebel's noisy hate.  
 In a cottaged vale she dwells,  
 List'ning to the Sabbath bells!  
 Still around her steps are seen  
 Spotless Honour's meeker mien;  
 Love, the sire of pleasing fears,  
 Sorrow, smiling through her tears;  
 And, conscious of the past employ,  
 Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

**S O N N E T.**

THOU gentle look, that didst my soul beguile,  
 Why hast thou left me? Still in some fond dream  
 Revisit my sad heart, auspicious smile!  
 As falls on closing flowers the lunar beam:  
 What time, in sickly mood, at parting day,  
 I lay me down and think of happier years;  
 Of joys, that glimmer'd in Hope's twilight ray,  
 Then left me darkling in a vale of tears.  
 O pleasant days of hope — for ever flown!  
 Could I recall you? — But that thought is vain.  
 Availeth not Persuasion's sweetest tone  
 To lure the fleet-wing'd travellers back again:  
 Yet fair, though faint, their images shall gleam  
 Like the bright rainbow on an evening stream.



**COPIED LINES,**  
**WRITTEN AT THE KING'S ARMS, ROSS,**  
 FORMERLY THE HOUSE OF  
**"THE MAN OF ROSS."**

---

**R**ICHER than misers o'er their countless hoards,  
 Nobler than kings, or king-polluted lords,  
 Here dwelt the Man of Ross. O trav'ler, hear!  
 Departed merit claims a reverent tear.  
 If 'neath this roof thy wine-cheer'd moments pass,  
 Fill to the good man's name one grateful glass:  
 To higher zest shall mem'ry wake thy soul,  
 And virtue mingle in th' ennobled bowl.  
 But if, like mine, thro' life's distressful scene,  
 Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been;  
 And if, thy breast with heart-sick anguish fraught,  
 Thou journeyest onward, tempest-tossed in thought;  
 Here cheat thy cares! in gen'rous visions melt,  
 And dream of goodness, thou hast never felt!

---

**TO A FRIEND,**  
 TOGETHER WITH AN UNFINISHED POEM.

---

**T**HUS far my scanty brain hath built the rhyme  
 Elaborate and swelling: yet the heart  
 Not owns it. From thy spirit-breathing powers  
 I ask not now, my friend, the aiding verse,  
 Tedious to thee, and from thy anxious thought  
 Of dissonant mood. In fancy (well I know)  
 From business wand'ring far and local cares,  
 Thou creepest round a dear-lov'd sister's bed  
 With noiseless step, and watchest the faint look,  
 Soothing each pang with fond solicitude,  
 And tenderest tones medicinal of love.  
 I too a sister had, an only sister —



She loved me dearly, and I doted on her;  
 To her I pour'd forth all my puny sorrows,  
 (As a sick patient in his nurse's arms)  
 And of the heart those hidden maladies  
 That even from friendship's eye will shrink asham'd.  
 O, I have woke at midnight, and have wept  
 Because she was not! — Cheerily, dear Charles  
 Thou thy best friend shalt cherish many year:  
 Such warm presagings feel I of high hope.  
 For not uninterested the dear maid  
 I've view'd — her soul affectionate yet wise,  
 Her polish'd wit as mild as lambent glories,  
 That play around a sainted infant's head.  
 He knows (the Spirit that in secret sees,  
 Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love  
 Aught to *implore* \*) were impotence of mind)  
 That my mute thoughts are sad before his throne,  
 Prepar'd, when he his healing ray vouchsafes,  
 To pour forth thanksgiving with lifted heart,  
 And praise him gracious with a brother's joy!

---

## M O N O D Y

### ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

---

WHEN faint and sad, o'er Sorrow's desert wild,  
 Slow journeys onward poor Misfortune's child;  
 When fades each lovely form by fancy drest,  
 And inly pines the self-consuming breast;  
 (No scourge of scorpions in thy right arm dread,  
 No helmed terrors nodding o'er thy head,)

---

\*) I utterly recant the sentiment contained in the lines —

Of whose omniscient and all-spreading love  
 Aught to *implore* were impotence of mind;

it being written in Scripture, "*Ask, and it shall be given you;*"  
 and my human reason being moreover convinced of the propriety  
 of offering *petitions* as well as thanksgivings to the Deity.



Assume, O Death! the cherub wings of peace,  
And bid the heart-sick wanderer's anguish cease.

Thee, Chatterton! yon unblest stones protect  
From want, and the bleak freezings of neglect  
Escap'd the sore wounds of Affliction's rod,  
Meek at the throne of mercy, and of God  
Perchance, thou raisest high th' enraptur'd hymn  
Amid the blaze of seraphim.

Yet oft ('tis nature's call)  
I weep, that heaven-born genius so should fall;  
And oft, in fancy's saddest hour, my soul  
Averted shudders at the poison'd bowl.  
Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view  
Thy corse of livid hue;  
And now a flash of indignation high  
Darts through the tear, that glistens in mine eye.

Is this the land of song-ennobled line?  
Is this the land, where Genius ne'er in vain  
Pour'd forth his lofty strain?  
Ah me! yet Spenser, gentlest bard divine,  
Beneath chill disappointment's shade,  
His weary limbs in lonely anguish laid:  
And o'er her darling dead  
Pity, hopeless, hung her head,  
While "mid the pelting of that merciless storm,"  
Sunk to the cold earth Otway's famish'd form.

Sublime of thought, and confident of fame,  
From vales where Avon \*) winds, the Minstrel  
came.

Light-hearted youth! he hastes along,  
And meditates the future song,  
How dauntless Aella fray'd the Dacyan foes;  
See, as floating high in air,  
Glitter the sunny visions fair,  
His eyes dance rapture, and his bosom glows.  
Ah! where are fled the charms of vernal grace,  
And joy's wild gleams, light-flashing o'er thy  
face?

---

\*) A river near Bristol, the birth-place of Chatterton.



Youth of tumultuous soul and haggard eye !  
 Thy wasted form, thy hurried steps I view,  
 On thy cold forehead starts the anguish'd dew :  
 And dreadful was that bosom-rending sigh.

Such were the struggles of that gloomy hour,  
 When Care, of wither'd brow,  
 Prepar'd the poison's power :  
 Already to thy lips was rais'd the bowl,  
 When near thee stood Affection meek,  
 (Her bosom bare, and wildly pale her cheek);  
 Thy sullen gaze she bade thee roll  
 On scenes that well might melt thy soul;  
 Thy native cot she flash'd upon thy view,  
 Thy native cot, where still, at close of day,  
 Peace smiling sate, and listen'd to thy lay;  
 Thy sister's shrieks she bade thee hear,  
 And mark thy mother's tear;  
 See, see her breast's convulsive throe,  
 Her silent agony of woe !  
 Ah ! dash the poison'd chalice from thy hand.

And thou hadst dash'd it, at her soft command  
 But that despair and indignation rose,  
 And told again the story of thy woes;  
 Told the keen insult of th' unfeeling heart;  
 The dread dependence on the low-born mind;  
 Told every pang, with which thy soul must smart,  
 Neglect, and grinning scorn, and want, combin'd !  
 Recoiling quick, thou bad'st the friend of pain  
 Roll the black tide of death through every freez-  
 ing vein.

Ye woods ! that wave o'er Avon's rocky steep,  
 To fancy's ear sweet is your murm'ring deep ;  
 For *here* she loves the cypress wreath to weave ;  
 Watching, with wistful eye, the sad'ning tints of eve.  
 Here, far from men, amid this pathless grove,  
 In solemn thought, the minstrel wont to rove,  
 Like star-beam on the slow sequester'd tide  
 Lone-glittering, thro' the high tree branching wide.  
 And here, in inspiration's eager hour,  
 When most the big soul feels the mad'ning power,  
 These wilds, these caverns, roaming o'er,  
 Round which the screaming sea-gulls soar,



86 ON THE DEATH OF CHATTERTON.

With wild unequal steps he pass'd along,  
Oft pouring on the winds a broken song:  
Anon, upon some rough rock's fearful brow,  
Would pause abrupt — and gaze upon the waves  
below.

Poor Chatterton! *he* sorrows for thy fate  
Who would have prais'd and lov'd thee, ere too  
late.

Poor Chatterton! farewell! of darkest hues  
This chaplet cast I on thy shapeless tomb;  
But dare no longer on the sad theme muse,  
Lest kindred woes persuade a kindred doom!

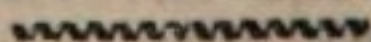
Hence, gloomy thoughts! no more my soul shall  
dwell

On joys that were! No more endure to weigh  
The shame and anguish of the evil day.  
Wisely forgetful! O'er the ocean swell,  
Sublime of hope, I seek the cottag'd dell,  
Where virtue calm with careless step may stray;  
And, dancing to the moonlight roundelay,  
The wizard passions weave an holy spell.

O Chatterton! that thou wert yet alive  
Sure thou wouldst spread the canvass to the gale,  
And love with us the tinkling team to drive  
O'er peaceful freedom's undivided dale;  
And we, at sober eve, would round thee throng,  
Hanging, enraptur'd on thy stately song!  
And greet with smiles the young-eyed Poesy,  
All deftly mask'd, as hoar antiquity.

Alas, vain phantasies! the fleeting brood  
Of woe, self-solac'd in her dreamy mood!  
Yet will I love to follow the sweet dream  
Where Susquehannah pours his untam'd stream;  
And on some hill, whose forest-frowning side  
Waves o'er the murmurs of his calmer tide,  
Will raise a solemn cenotaph to thee,  
Sweet harper of time-shrouded minstrelsy!  
And there, sooth'd sadly by the dirgeful wind,  
Muse on the sore ills I had left behind.

October, 1794.





**S O N N E T.**

My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles! for those  
soft strains.

Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring  
Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring.  
For hence, not callous to the mourner's pains,  
Through youth's gay prime and thornless paths  
I went:

And when the *darker* day of life began,  
And I did roam, a thought-bewilder'd man!  
Their mild and manliest melancholy lent  
A mingled charm, which of the pang consign'd  
To slumber, though the big tear it renew'd:  
Bidding such strange mysterious pleasure brood  
Over the wavy and tumultuous mind,  
As made the soul enamour'd of her woe:  
No common praise, dear bard! to thee I owe.

**TO THE AUTHOR OF POEMS \*),**

PUBLISHED ANONYMOUSLY AT BRISTOL,  
IN SEPTEMBER, 1795.

UNROASTFUL bard! whose verse, concise yet clear,  
Tunes to smooth melody unconquer'd sense;  
May your fame fadeless live, as "never-sere."  
The ivy wreathes yon oak, whose broad defence  
Embowers me from noon's sultry influence!  
For, like that nameless riv'let stealing by,  
Your modest verse to musing quiet dear  
Is rich with tints heaven-borrow'd: the charm'd  
eye  
Shall gaze undazzled there, and love the soften'd  
sky.

---

\*) Mr. Joseph Cottle.



Circling the base of the poetic mount,  
 A stream there is, which rolls in lazy flow  
 Its coal-black waters from oblivion's fount:  
 The vapour-poison'd birds, that fly too low,  
 Fall with dead swoop, and to the bottom go.  
 Escap'd that heavy stream, on pinion fleet,  
 Beneath the mountain's lofty-frowning brow,  
 Ere aught of perilous ascent you meet,  
 A mead of mildest charm delays th' unlab'ring  
 feet.

Nor there the cloud-climb'd rock, sublime and  
 vast,  
 That, like some giant king, o'erglooms the hill;  
 Nor there the pine-grove to the midnight blast  
 Makes solemn music! But th' unceasing rill,  
 To the soft wren or lark's descending trill,  
 Murmurs sweet undersong mid jasmin bowers.  
 In this same pleasant meadow, at your will;  
 I ween, you wander'd — there collecting flowers  
 Of sober tint, and herbs of med'cinable powers.

There, for the monarch-murder'd soldier's  
 tomb,  
 You wove th' unfinish'd \*) wreath of saddest  
 hues;  
 And to that holier \*\*) chaplet added bloom,  
 Besprinkling it with Jordan's cleansing dew.  
 But lo, your Henderson †) awakes the muse —  
 His spirit beckon'd from the mountain's height.  
 You left the plain, and soar'd 'mid richer views.  
 So nature mourn'd, when sunk the first day's  
 light  
 With stars, unseen before, spangling her robe of  
 night.

Still soar, my friend, those richer views among,  
 Strong, rapid, fervent, flashing fancy's beam.  
 Virtue and truth shall love your gentler song:  
 But poesy demands th' impassion'd theme:

---

\*) War, a Fragment.

\*\*) John, the Baptist, a Poem.

†) Monody on John Henderson.



Wak'd by heaven's silent dew's at Eve's mild gleam,  
 What balmy sweets Pomona breathes around!  
 But if the vex'd air rush a stormy stream,  
 Or Autumn's shrill gust moan in plaintive sound,  
 With fruits and flowers she loads the tempest-  
 honour'd ground.

## SONNET.

COMPOSED ON A JOURNEY HOMEWARD; THE AUTHOR  
 HAVING RECEIVED INTELLIGENCE OF THE BIRTH  
 OF A SON, SEPT. 20, 1796.

Of't o'er my brain does that strange fancy roll  
 Which makes the present (while the flash doth  
 last)

Seem a mere semblance of some unknown past,  
 Mix'd with such feelings, as perplex the soul  
 Self-question'd in her sleep: and some have said  
 We liv'd, ere yet this fleshly robe we wore.

O my sweet baby! when I reach my door,  
 If heavy looks should tell me thou wert dead  
 (As sometimes, through excess of hope, I fear)  
 I think that I should struggle to believe  
 Thou wert a spirit, to this nether sphere  
 Sentenc'd for some more venial crime to grieve;  
 Didst scream, then spring to meet Heaven's quick  
 reprieve,

While we wept idly o'er thy little bier.



## SONNET

TO A FRIEND, WHO ASKED HOW I FELT, WHEN THE  
NURSE FIRST PRESENTED MY INFANT TO ME.

CHARLES! my slow heart was only sad, when first  
I scann'd that face of feeble infancy:  
For dimly on my thoughtful spirit burst  
All I had been, and all my babe might be.  
But when I saw it on its mother's arm,  
And hanging at her bosom (she the while  
Bent o'er its features with a tearful smile)  
Then I was thrill'd and melted, and most warm  
Impress'd a father's kiss: and all beguil'd  
Of dark remembrance, and presageful fear,  
I seem'd to see an angel's form appear —  
'Twas even thine, beloved woman mild!  
So for the mother's sake the child was dear,  
And dearer was the mother for the child.

## SONNET.

ON A DISCOVERY MADE TOO LATE.

THOU bleedest, my poor heart! and thy distress  
Reas'ning I ponder with a scornful smile,  
And probe thy sore wound sternly; though the  
Swoln be mine eye, and dim with heaviness.  
Why didst thou listen to hope's whisper bland?  
Or list'ning, why forget the healing tale,  
When jealousy, with fev'rish fancies pale,  
Jarr'd thy fine fibres with a maniac's hand?  
Faint was that hope, and rayless. — Yet 'was fair,  
And sooth'd with many a dream the hour of rest:  
Thou shouldst have lov'd it most when most op-  
prest;  
And nurs'd it with an agony of care,  
Ev'n as a mother her sweet infant heir,  
That wan and sickly droops upon her breast.



## SONNET.

TO THE RIVER OTTER.

**D**EAR native brook! wild streamlet of the west!  
 How many various-fated years have past,  
 What blissful and what anguish'd hours, since  
 last  
 I skimm'd the smooth thin stone along thy breast,  
 Numbering its light leaps! Yet so deep imprest  
 Sink the sweet scenes of childhood, that mine eyes  
 I never shut amid the sunny blaze,  
 But straight with all their tints thy waters rise,  
 Thy crossing plank, thy margin's willowy maze,  
 And bedded sand, that vein'd with various dyes,  
 Gleam'd through thy bright transparence to the  
 gaze.  
 Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguil'd  
 Lone manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs,  
 Ah, that once more I were a careless child!

## SONNET.

**S**CHILLER! that hour I would have wish'd to die,  
 If through the shudd'ring midnight I had sent,  
 From the dark dungeon of the tower, time rent,  
 That fearful voice, a famish'd father's \*) cry —  
 That in no after moment aught less vast  
 Might stamp me mortal! A triumphant shout  
 Black horror scream'd, and all her goblin rout  
 From the more with'ring scene diminish'd past.  
 Ah! bard tremendous in sublimity!  
 Could I behold thee in thy loftier mood,  
 Wand'ring at eve, with finely frenzied eye,  
 Beneath some vast old tempest-swinging wood!  
 Awhile with mute awe gazing I would brood,  
 Then weep aloud in a wild extasy!

\*) The father of Moor, in the play of "The Robbers,."

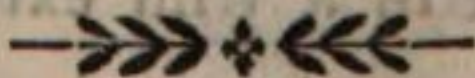


## SONNET.

IT was some spirit, Sheridan! that breath'd  
 O'er thy young mind such wildly-various power;  
 My soul hath mark'd thee in her shaping hour,  
 Thy temples with Hymettian \*) flow'rets wreath'd:  
 And sweet thy voice, as when o'er Laura's bier  
 Sad music trembled through Vaclusa's glade;  
 Sweet, as at dawn, the love-lorn serenade  
 That wafts soft dreams to slumber's list'ning ear.  
 Now patriot rage and indignation high  
 Swell the full tones! And now thine eye-beams  
 dance  
 Meanings of scorn and wit's quaint revelry!  
 Writhes inly from the bosom-probing glance  
 Th' apostate by the brainless rout ador'd,  
 As erst that elder Fiend beneath great Michael's  
 sword.

\*) "Hymettian flow'rets." Hymettus, a mountain near Athens, celebrated for its honey. This alludes to Mr. Sheridan's classical attainments, and the following four lines to the exquisite sweetness and almost *Italian* delicacy of his poetry. — In Shakspeare's "Lover's Complaint" there is a fine stanza almost prophetically characteristic of Mr. Sheridan.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue  
 All kind of argument and question deep,  
 All replication prompt and reason strong  
 For his advantage still did wake and sleep  
 To make the weeper laugh, the laughter weep:  
 He had the dialect and different skill,  
 Catching all passions in his craft of will:  
 That he did in the general bosom reign  
 Of young and old.





|                                                           |          |     |
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Coleridge, Samuel Taylor,

The Ancient Mariner and other poems

Nurnberg and New-York [1841]

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